

NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 5, 1962

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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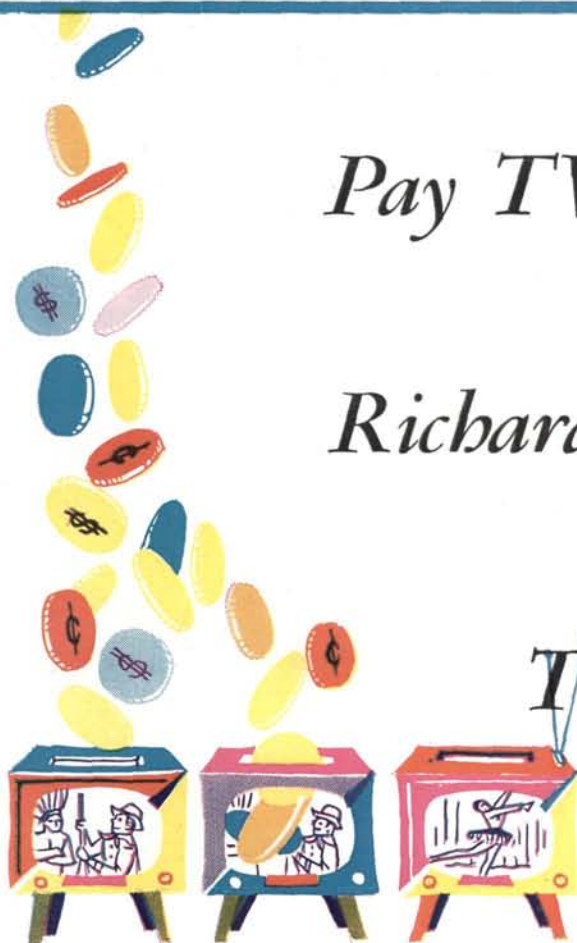
MICHAEL M. MOONEY

Richard Nixon's Dilemma

D. J. STEWART

The Impending Smear of Fred Schwarz

AN EDITORIAL



Articles and Reviews by . . . E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ Michael Mooney, who is advertising manager of NATIONAL REVIEW, discusses, with measured enthusiasm, the impending arrival of Pay TV. Mr. Mooney is a graduate of Princeton who founded and operated a public relations firm before coming to NR . . . Douglas Stewart, who writes about Mr. Nixon, is himself a Californian, a Doctor of Philosophy (Cornell), an instructor at St. Michael's (Toronto), who will teach next year at Reed College (Portland, Ore.). Mr. Stewart was born suspicious of all politicians, and the older he becomes, the more suspicious he gets. He is now 27 . . . James Burnham analyzes the movements of the Communists in terms of the approach to the cities, by way of the country. In this light, he examines the impending loss to the West of North Africa . . . We welcome the return of Will Herberg, who has spent a difficult winter in and out of a sick-bed. He writes the first of a two-part piece analyzing the bearing on conservatism and Liberalism of the natural law . . . While on the subject of ill health, we welcome back with open arms our friend C. D. Batchelor, the Pulitzer Prize cartoonist who, with his wife, got seriously banged up a few weeks ago in a car accident. . . . And talking about absenteeism, Frank Meyer has not slipped out of the country, or defected to Liberalism; he is on the last chapter of his book on freedom, and struggling to make a deadline for his publisher. He will return. . . . John Morressy, who writes another memorable fable, teaches English and History (Xavierian HS, Brooklyn), is completing the requirements for a doctoral degree in English, and writes around (*Esquire*, *Mike Shayne Mystery Mag*, etc.), mostly adventure stories. He is finishing up a novel. . . . Russell Kirk writes about the Independent Colleges, Sad Future Thereof, under the proposed federal education law . . . and the urbane Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn admits he was impressed by a congress which he hadn't wanted to attend.

→ Professor Vincent Miller (Wofford, S.C.) writes, with his distinctive skill, about Robert Frost. . . Edward C. Banfield is professor of Government at Harvard University, distinguished author of *Government Project*, and *The Moral Basis of a Backward Society*, and a member of the Joint Center for Urban Studies of MIT and Harvard. He reviews a new book by J. Kenneth Galbraith, taken from lectures given in India, in which Ambassador Galbraith comes out against foreign aid of the kind we have been giving to underdeveloped nations. Go ahead, read that sentence again. We read Professor Banfield's review three times. That is what it says. . . . Professor Guy Davenport (Haverford) examines three perky new novels. . . . Stanton Evans reviews an important book by a German scholar, urging the United States for heaven's sake to treat the economic and technological claims of the Soviet Union with a warranted skepticism. If you notice a mellowness in Mr. Evans' tone, the reason is, he is just back from his honeymoon. . . . Priscilla Buckley went, saw, and was conquered by the play known, for short, as ODPDMHYITCAIFSS →

Should Education Be Practical?

NOT IF the West is to survive, says Frederick D. Wilhelmsen in the Spring Number of *The University Bookman*. Professor Wilhelmsen contributes "Reflections on the Utility of a Disinterested Education."

"There is a kind of academic training which is immediately practical, such as language courses for future diplomats or agricultural courses for experts destined for foreign service. This training is indispensable today, but it has little to do with liberal and humane education. If the immediate utility quite proper to certain training programs is permitted to invade the liberal arts, not only will they suffer but so will all of us. In the name of the supremely human and therefore useful goal of preserving the inheritance of the West, that inheritance must be seen as it actually exists in itself, as a treasure of reality and truth and beauty whose possession justifies in and of itself. I suggest in conclusion that if we Americans would play our role as latter-day Romans defending the walls of our own Constantinople, the New Rome which is America, against the barbarians beyond, we must recognize the high political wisdom that lies in the total divorce of the liberal arts tradition from all immediately political and practical ends. I say this for the sake of the liberal arts themselves; but I say it even more for the sake of the political future of the West."

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The
UNIVERSITY
BOOKMAN

The WEEK

● Mr. Arthur Dean, High Posh of the U.S. disarmament factory at Geneva, complains that "we cannot find a spirit of fair play" in the Soviet attitude on certain points. Of course not. All their fair play is being used in Cuba at the moment.

● 1) The President praised Big Steel for reaching a wage contract without raising prices. 2) Big Steel raised its prices. 3) The President exploded in righteous wrath. 1a) The President urged the United Auto Workers to hold their wage demands within the limits of productivity gains. 2a) The UAW's executive board then passed a resolution saying it is "imperative" that wages rise faster than productivity. 3a) The President has no comment.

● The week provided an unusually neat example of the way in which political cowardice in domestic affairs has its effect on international problems. Treasury Secretary Dillon urged the European financial authorities not to borrow so much in the U.S., because that contributed to our gold outflow. Yet the obvious correction is ignored: for our interest rates are so much lower than European rates that a European would be foolish not to borrow here. Why, then, do we urge *them* to discipline themselves by borrowing at high rates when we do not have the self-discipline to raise our own interest rates? See first sentence, above.

● The Honorable Ralph Bunche is *not* going to run for Jacob Javits' seat in the Senate. Any number of reasons are being advanced as having contributed to his decision, among the most piquant of which are that he cannot find anything to disagree with Jacob Javits about; that just possibly he might be clobbered; that he does not want to exchange his present, untaxable UN salary for the high-taxed American salary; that he considers the Senate a dying institution, even though it has a few unredeemed obligations to ratify treaties giving the UN more power; and that he heard that a group of his college supporters had coined for their campaign slogan, Better Black than Red.

● The Presidential Railroad Commission published its recommendations recently, among which one discovered, like a gem in garbage, the notion that workers who don't work shouldn't be allowed to force the employers to keep them on the payroll: to be specific, men hired as coal-shovelers on the old choo-choo-style locomotives look sort of silly draped over the

portside windowsill of an automatic, modern, oil-burning Diesel. In due course the railroads and the unions began to haggle over the next contract, and the railroads mentioned the problem of paying coal-shovelers for not shoveling oil, or anything. The unions refused to discuss the question, undoubtedly on the ground that, who knows? coal may come back into style some day. At which the railroads refused to go on with the negotiations. Labor Secretary Goldberg has now joined the charade by "inviting" the non-negotiators to meet with him in Washington. Prediction: threat of national rail strike, heroic White House intervention, token wage rise, disregard of non-shoveling shovelers, vast proclamation of "non-inflationary, responsible" wage rises, photo of Goldberg in cab of choo-choo. Memo to public: better bring a shovel, it's piling up pretty fast.

● The flight of Chinese from the mainland has doubled the population of Hong Kong in the past ten years. Now that the city is saturated, the Communist regime in China has allowed its people to escape at an even faster pace. Of the hale young men who have arrived at Hong Kong only to be turned back by the authorities, it is unknown how many are Communist agents. What is known is this: that Communism has brought China to a pitch of grief and misery seldom reached in its long and unhappy history, and that the free world cannot continue to proclaim its promises while refusing to embrace the pitiable souls who have fled from that misery. The situation requires that all the refugees be helped, lest the innocent among them be made to suffer while the free world unravels the moral and political tangle. Toward these ends the Emergency Committee for Chinese Refugees (79 Madison Avenue, NYC 16) has been formed, and an initial letter of appeal has gone out to a thousand influential citizens and to every member of the Congress, signed by Senators Paul Douglas and John Tower, Justice William O. Douglas, Representative Walter Judd, and Lowell Thomas. While the Administration dissolves into study groups, the citizens must uphold their country's honor and express its conscience.

● As the waterlogged paddies and oozing jungles of Southeast Asia suck in still more thousands of our troops, the exhausting futility of our policy of containment and appeasement becomes ever more manifest and deadly. From the multitudinous arms, equipment and supplies of our Marines, one item is missing: an objective. Why are they there? No one really knows. To watch passively, one concludes, while the enemy completes the organization of Laos as a base and corridor for the further swarming—into South Vietnam, Cambodia, Burma, Malaysia and Singapore—of the endless hordes of faceless termites trained

and directed from the secure nests in North Vietnam and China. With the nests left inviolate, with no diversionary threat or counter-action against any holding of the enemy, there is no prospect before our men now pouring into Southeast Asia save slow attrition under the ever-renewed waves, final suffocation in the steaming mud.

- At a congress specially convened to work out the details of a national charter and a statement of democratic principles for a "model Arab state," Egyptian President Gamal Nasser officially pronounced "Arab socialism" to be the will of the people. In his decade in power, Nasser has built a revolutionary state out of a backward and overpopulated land, following the classical blueprint of industrialization, agrarian reform (land redistribution such that no one may own more than 100 acres), maximum income limits, heavy income tax, and nationalization of almost everything in sight (four-fifths of all Egyptian property so far). Now that the plunder period is over, it remains to be seen whether his Arab socialism, even with the continued infusion of massive foreign financial aid, will work any better in Egypt than elsewhere. There is an historical precedent to be found in Pharaonic Egypt, when Joseph nationalized the farmers during the seven fat years.

- On April 17 Praeger published *The Cuban Invasion*, in which *New York Times* correspondent Tad Szulc and *Washington Post* correspondent Karl E. Meyer indict CIA and the Joint Chiefs of Staff as responsible for the disaster at the Bay of Pigs (NR review, May 22). Although the *Times*' Sunday Book Review is normally prompt and generous in allotting space to products of its own stable, five Sundays have gone by and nary a peep about *The Cuban Invasion*. In explanation therefor a northering bird brought us the following information. Both authors are close to Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin of the White House staff. They have told various friends that their book was undertaken on White House inspiration and that Messrs. Schlesinger and Goodwin helped them get the Real Dope. The *Times* sent an advance copy on for review to Hal Hendrix, Latin American editor of the *Miami Daily News*. Mr. Hendrix offered first one draft, then another, but both were rejected by the *Times* as too unsympathetic. The *Times* then went shopping for a more friendly critic. Now here is the curiosity in this drab little story: that one faction within the White House promotes a book which (with multiple error and distortion, moreover) slashes into two other (and not the least important) arms of the government (CIA and Joint Chiefs); and that singular institution, the *Times* Sunday Book Review, takes care that the book shall be warmly received.

Weber and Fields



"Vebber, I bunch you in the eye because I luff you so much."

- We have been asked to comment on a 200-page pamphlet compiled and published by The Church League of America, of Wheaton, Ill., called *A Manual for Survival*, "a counter-subversive study course." It is an excellent publication, full of sound comment and valuable bibliographical information. It is available from the League or from The Bookmailer for \$3.00.

- The University of Colorado, operating as a Liberal laundromat for ten thousand unwashed minds, is manfully facing up to heresy. When the heretic Goldwater spoke there on March 2, the Young People's Socialist League and its parasites did everything but vomit bile, even turning their venom on the professor who was introducing the Senator. A Conservative Club, founded on March 22, quickly gained thirty members, further maddening the Liberal Mind. The faculty, administration, students, and campus press of Piker's Pique U. have at last discovered, in the shape of the Conservative Club, that the Enemy is

Internal. The club's offices have been broken into; and Liberals, posing as their betters, have tried to infiltrate into conservative activities. The friends of academic freedom have been painting swastikas on things owned by the above-named professor. Toward the end of April the Conservative Club sponsored a debate between the eminent Prof. Jerzy Hauptmann and the local so-sociologist, Dr. Alex Garber, faculty mammy to the Young Socialist brood. Mammy Garber had one of his bad days, what with raising his voice and knocking over his water glass and piling abuse on top of arrogance on top of ignorance (his rhapsody has been immortalized on tape). All to the good, the very good: for when thirty conservative students make the Establishment see double and talk nonsense, the Establishment is ready to crumble. T-i-i-i-umber!

● Washington, May 21. The Supreme Court set aside today the contempt convictions of six men who refused to answer questions of congressional committees relating to Communism.

Eeny Meeny Miny Mo
Catch six Pinkos by their No
When they holler, let them go,
Justice Warren told us so
Eeny Meeny Miny Mo.

The Secret Army Terror

A number of our readers, noting that in NATIONAL REVIEW's coverage of Algerian developments there has been little discussion of the terrorist campaign of the Secret Army (OAS), have asked our comment.

Let us begin with two preliminary observations.

First, that we have not felt it necessary to insist on the self-evident fact that NATIONAL REVIEW rejects and condemns the insane deeds that have been reported from Algeria and in some cases also from France: so-called *ratonnades* ("rat-hunts," where the "rats" are human beings), autos made to explode in the midst of a casual crowd, random shootings of passers-by.

But second, that both the attention devoted in the press and radio-TV to such acts—a *New York Times* front page article every day, month after month, for standard—and the moral indignation heaped on the Secret Army as the perpetrators are so vast that echoes from NATIONAL REVIEW would seem as superfluous as shedding tears into the ocean. NATIONAL REVIEW's job is not to paint the highly selective attitudes of the Establishment with a conservative gilding (the first week of Indonesia's unprovoked and bloody aggression against New Guinea brought only a total silence from the editorial and columnar guardians of our public morality). Our space, we have judged, was more usefully allocated to the po-

litical and strategic meaning of what has been happening in Algeria—a meaning that the Establishment has been much concerned to hide.

These premises laid, we summarize further:

1. What the American public reads and hears about the terror campaign is not the objective report of confirmed facts, but the product of a ruthless propaganda operation to which the French Government and press, the FLN, the Communist psywar apparatus, the leftists of all countries and the American press are all contributors.

2. Since the Secret Army was founded a year ago, there have been thousands of terrorist acts in Algeria and scores in France. But in the case of many of these, including many of the most shocking, there is no proof of Secret Army responsibility. Many have been carried out by the FLN; many have been deliberate provocations by FLN or Gaullist secret agents (including the notorious *barbouzes*—the "bearded ones" recruited mostly from the dregs of Asia), staged to look like Secret Army operations. There is no proof that the Secret Army staged the alleged, much publicized, and very amateurish attempt on de Gaulle's life last year—or the newly reported plan for another attempt. It is known and admitted that the Secret Army did *not* have any hand in the fearful explosion of the delivery truck at Issy-les-Moulineaux, outside Paris. The most horrible terrorist action in the past year in Algeria was the deliberate slaughter in the Rue d'Isly, Algiers, by Moslem and European conscript troops under Gaullist officers, of more than a hundred ordinary unarmed Algerian citizens.

3. In the last two weeks our press has reported certain more or less open killings of Europeans by FLN commandos in Algiers and Oran. It has failed to report hundreds of other cases of FLN terrorism since the signing of the Evian accord: kidnappings of Europeans whom the FLN uses as "blood banks," draining them dry of blood to use for FLN sick and wounded; looting, arson and killing on the farms of the *bled*; but especially the killings (often with preliminary torture and simultaneous mutilation) of the *harkis*—the Moslem soldiers who have served in the French army and are now abandoned to "revolutionary justice."

4. In the fuller historical record, of course, the terrorist acts of the FLN—in number as in the hideousness of the methods used—outweigh by order of magnitude what has been done by the Secret Army. As the FLN moves toward victory and power, this record is now being blotted out. Among the "leaders of free Algeria," who have now become honored ministers, colleagues and future allies, are not only those politically responsible for the FLN terror but many who were directly engaged in its operations.

5. The methods now being used by the Gaullist

security forces in Algeria and to some degree in France are classic examples of "police terror"; mass arrests without warrants; mass searches of entire buildings and districts; shooting on sight; night raids; harsh third degree treatment, etc.

6. The shooting of Moslem women has, very naturally, excited a special horror that we share. Many of these cases—and not a few other actions—have been counter to the orders of the Secret Army leadership. They have been done by young hoodlums and delinquents, or sometimes by a son or brother, half-crazed by the memory of what the FLN did to his father, sister or son. Even in the case of women victims of terror, such is the disintegration of our age that it is hard to see clearly. From the beginning, women have been among the most effective and ferocious operatives in the FLN apparatus. In these last months they have been used as shields by the men, as supply teams and couriers to break Secret Army blockades. Even the most chivalrous warrior does not always ask an Amazon to shoot first.

7. Such considerations as these do not mitigate the crimes of the Secret Army. Its crimes, on any account, are grave and many, and made all the more capital by the fact that its tactics would seem to have no chance of achieving their avowed objective, even if we assume that objective to be not quite impossible. Nevertheless, these considerations here cited do demonstrate the blindness, hypocrisy and moral cynicism of many of the Secret Army's most vocal critics.

For our own part, we confess with deep and troubled humility our failure to comprehend this dreadful problem of terror that has more and more become a pervasive quality of our epoch. Before the problem of terror the mind plunges into a metaphysical despair, as before those other dark dilemmas that have so long weighed on man's spirit: man's free will and God's foreknowledge; God's goodness and the suffering of his creatures. We who are citizens of the civilization that devised saturation bombing, of the nation that hurled the first nuclear bombs on just and unjust alike, should be slow, surely, to judge—if judgment in such matters is, indeed, ours to make.

Foghorn v. Stethoscope

May 20: entertainers, singers, an orchestra; free tickets provided by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union; overflow attendance at Madison Square Garden; television carrying the performances to public rallying halls in 32 other cities simultaneously; the entire show broadcast at once free of charge, as a "news event," by the three national television net-

For the Record

Seattle Fair officials tight-lipped about it, but it's reliably reported State Department is backing their plan to invite Nikita Khrushchev to Fair in the fall. Pierre Salinger is believed to have broached subject during his Moscow trip. . . . Senate positively deluged with mail opposing withholding provisions on interest and dividends in Administration tax bill. Some say mail is larger in volume than record protests which rolled in when Pres. Truman fired Gen. MacArthur. . . . Those happy cries you hear on the Hill are from Republican congressmen who detect mounds of electioneering paydirt in Billie Sol Estes case. Boxscore to date: 4 resignations of government officials. . . . Endangered in backlash of Estes case, political future of Rep. Rutherford, (D., Tex.) who comes from Billie's home district. . . . Latest figures show each U.S. farmer costs the nation \$1,700 a year.

Real crisis in Hong Kong is water. Red China has shut off one reservoir from which the Crown Colony draws; only one-month supply on hand. Emergency plans underway to ship water to Hong Kong by tanker fleet. . . . Among Red China refugees are 300 Communist soldiers who deserted with their arms; have asked to join Free China army. . . . If (when?) Laos falls, it will lay open thousand-mile Thailand border to Red infiltration, guerrilla activity. . . . A Scandinavian newsman, who was in Moscow during Titov's orbital flight, makes this flat statement: the Titov honored in Moscow was not the same man who toured the U.S. last month.

Jo Grimond, head of Britain's resurgent Liberal Party—it gained 332 seats in recent municipal elections—says if Liberal Party holds balance of power after next general election it will join Labor in coalition government. . . . Pres. William Tubman of Liberia one of few African leaders to come out four-square in favor of U.S. atom tests in atmosphere. . . . For first time in history, French and German naval units this summer will engage in joint naval maneuvers.

William Faulkner, pinned down on why he refused invitation to White House dinner honoring Nobel Prize-winners: "That's a long way to go just to eat."

works; a nationally synchronized publicity feat, headed by major political figures, and resting on the necessary but unexplained flow of huge amounts of cold cash. . . .

That is how John F. Kennedy prefers to discuss the complex question of medical care for people over sixty-five.

May 21: in a Madison Square Garden now empty but still littered with the rubbish of the crowd, the American Medical Association stands up to reply to the whirlwind. The announcer; the awesome glance at thousands of empty seats; the introduction by Dr. Leonard Larson, head of the AMA; then the single speech by Dr. Edward Annis. "My colleagues asked me," says Dr. Annis, "would I feel nervous or foolish addressing 18,000 empty seats in this hall? My answer: No. I understand the reason for it. They said: But those empty seats won't applaud. Won't the television audience compare that silence with the cheers President Kennedy got yesterday? I said: I'm a physician."

There lies the question, laid out as bare as a cadaver on a slab, and diagnosed with simplicity and honesty: How can reason prevail when Noise is on the throne?

Diagnosis made, the doctor prescribes treatment. "All of you who occupied these 18,000 seats yesterday," says Dr. Annis, "you are at home now. You have time to think. You have time to ask your doctor."

Time to think, yes: and silence, which is quite as necessary. The demands of order, reason, and equitable dispensation cannot be met in the hullabaloo of Hollywood gags and press agent tinsel. Mr. Kennedy knows that very well. That is why he never stops shouting.

Conspiracy against Spain?

The principal reason for the swift deterioration in relations between Spain and the United States is that the Franco government believes that President Kennedy made a secret pledge to destroy it.

According to Spanish sources, the commitment was made during President Kennedy's December 1961 visit to Caracas. At the instigation of two of his Liberal Latin cronies, Governor Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico and President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela, Mr. Kennedy had a clandestine meeting with representatives of Spanish Republican organizations. Mr. Kennedy informed these leaders of "the anti-Communist Left" that he was determined to destroy all dictatorships, both left-wing and right-wing. When asked whether he considered the Franco government a right-wing dictatorship, he is said to have replied that he did and that the United States would help

the Spanish Republicans end the Franco era.

The proceedings at this secret meeting were reported in full to Generalissimo Franco. The reaction of the Spanish Cabinet was one of rage and shock. The fact that Spain had made valuable bases available to the Pentagon, that the two countries were engaged in a common military effort and that Spain welcomed large American air force and naval contingents on her soil had seemed sufficient guarantee against a plot by the President of the United States to overthrow the Spanish Government.

General Franco called in a close friend, Blas Piñar, and asked him to resign his position as one of the chiefs of Spanish government cultural activities in order to write an article attacking the United States. He was instructed to make the article so intemperate that it would inevitably elicit a formal United States protest.

Blas Piñar complied, and the arraignment appeared in ABC of Madrid (see *NR Bulletin*, March 6), which frequently serves as a vehicle for semi-official government pronouncements. The article accused Americans of habitual hypocrisy and sanctimony. Americans annihilated entire populations with atom bombs and then convicted defeated military commanders of genocide; they "ride roughshod over the weak and behave like cowards when a powerful neighbor offends them"; uphold partition in Germany and Berlin, but deny that right to Katanga, etc., etc.

Beneath these shotgun blasts, there was a more significant charge, that Americans are "cowardly and trembling people who today call attention to the dangers of Communism but who have allied themselves to Communism and turned countries and peoples over to it."

As expected, the American Ambassador called on the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs to protest this diatribe by a Spanish government official. The Minister refused to accept the protest, stating that the matter was so important that it should be taken up directly with the Chief of State.

Accordingly, the Ambassador arranged an interview with Franco at which he attempted to deliver the protest. Premier Franco replied that he was unable to accept it since Señor Blas Piñar had resigned from the government before writing the article and, since Spain has a free press, the published opinions of private citizens are not a matter of official concern. However, Franco added, since the American Ambassador had brought up the matter of misconduct by government officials which poisoned the friendship of the two countries, he would like to make a protest of his own. The Spanish Government had evidence, Franco continued, that a high official of the American Government, specifically, President John F. Kennedy, had held a secret meeting with Spanish

subversive elements at which he had pledged to destroy the legitimate Government of Spain.

When the interview was over, the American Ambassador either told wire service reporters or the latter dreamed up a completely garbled version of the episode. According to AP and UPI, the Ambassador had protested the publication of an offensive attack against the United States by a high Spanish official, and General Franco had promptly requested the resignation of the latter. Presumably to emphasize the falsity of this version, Franco promptly appointed Blas Piñar to an ambassadorship in Latin America.

The Spanish Government believes that President Kennedy did make the commitment we have reported for two reasons: the nature and source of its intelligence report; a series of rebuffs and insults over the past two years which have exacerbated Spanish public opinion; and the well-known fact that the President is surrounded by men for whom hatred of the Spanish Government is an article of faith.

The Impending Smear of Fred Schwarz

Dr. Fred Schwarz is coming to New York, and there is to be more anxiety, more resentment, more animosity, than there was when Khrushchev came to town. The way of the anti-Communist is always hard, but the very special resentment against Schwarz has to do with his obstinate refusal to make a fool of himself. If *only* he would write a book calling Eisenhower a Communist, or announce that the White House staff is riddled with spies, or suggest that the Union Theological Seminary is a Communist front, or that the ultimate loyalty of all Catholics is suspect, or that the Jews are a treasonable breed of men—with what relief the anti-anti-Communists would greet the news! But no: he has been intensively monitored over months and months, his background has been meticulously surveyed, his financial arrangements audited; and there is no scandal to be found. Merely the scandal of a man insisting, with knowledge and evangelical fervor, and—how dare he!—with a leavening sense of humor, that for all that the danger is plain to see, the ignorance of our leaders on the subject of Communism is outrageous and suicidal.

They could treat him with silence. But Schwarz has a way of dealing with silence. It is hard to be silent about an aggregation of twenty thousand people in the heart of Sodom, listening to a man preach the necessity of sacrifice, and atonement, in behalf of survival. No, he cannot be ignored. He must be attacked.

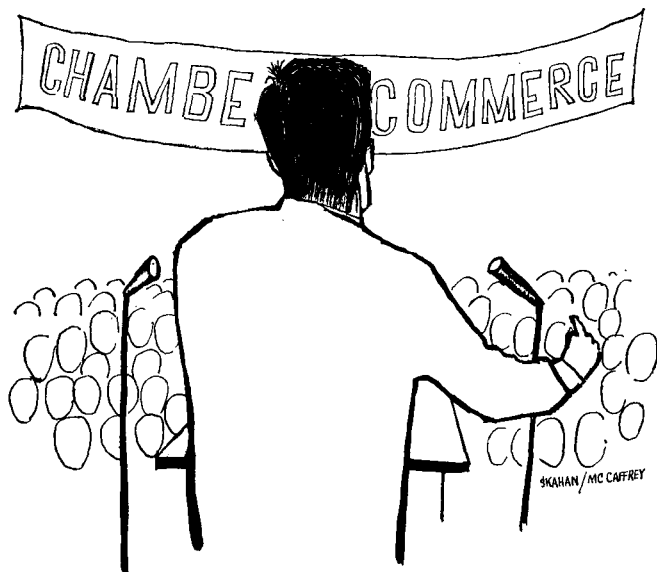
Dr. Schwarz arrived in New York a few weeks

ago to prepare the way for his School, which he intends to conduct at Madison Square Garden during August. As an experienced man, he is well aware of the tendency, so frequently remarked, to brand as anti-Semitic anyone associated with an explicitly Christian undertaking who is also a tough anti-Communist or conservative. Schwarz is head of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. There is, of course, no reason at all why an anti-Communist organization cannot be Christian in character and inspiration, just so long as it does not implicitly exclude non-Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Confucianists, whatever, from the anti-Communist camp. It is no more anti-Semitic to join the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade than it is anti-Christian to join, or applaud, the American Jewish League Against Communism. But Dr. Schwarz, aware of the automatic suspicion, decided, on reaching New York, to have a talk with Mr. Arnold Forster, the General Counsel of the Anti-Defamation League.

An associate called on Mr. Forster. And Mr. Forster flatly refused to meet with Dr. Schwarz. On hearing this report, we at NATIONAL REVIEW found it incredible, and wrote to Mr. Forster asking whether it were true, and if so, did he care to explain why? He replied: "This is in response to your May 10 letter asking whether I have declined to meet with Dr. Fred Schwarz and, if so, why. I have no need to meet with Dr. Schwarz, nor any sense of obligation to respond as to the reason."

Well, here are the facts which might awaken Mr. Forster's elusive sense of obligation. 1) The Anti-Defamation League was founded to fight defamation. 2) Dr. Schwarz has been very widely defamed. 3) If the ADL has its ear to the ground, i.e., if it is doing the job it is paid to do, and proudly insists it is doing, then it has caught the defamatory rumor that Dr. Schwarz's operation is anti-Semitic. 4) Dr. Schwarz, whether one agrees with his views on the Communist question or not, is at this moment a prominent figure on the American scene, who has a presumptive right to consult with the head of an organization engaged in arbitrating disputes of the kind that surround figures like Dr. Schwarz. And 5) Dr. Schwarz demonstrated his willingness, indeed his eagerness, to answer any questions and clear up any suspicions relating to bigotry, and to seek the ADL's expert advice on the matter of anti-Semitism. Though of dubious relevance, it adds to the irony that Dr. Schwarz is himself half-Jewish.

It looks to us as though there could be only one reason for Mr. Forster's refusal to receive Dr. Schwarz: he is, like so many other enemies of Dr. Schwarz, afraid to put himself in the position of finding out that there is nothing wrong with Schwarz. We have, at NATIONAL REVIEW, on one or two occa-



"... but mainly I came to give my assurance that my father and I have nothing against you sons of bitches."

sions, criticized the Anti-Defamation League on the grounds that it goes outside, way outside, its professional concerns, *e.g.*, in lending its considerable weight to the processes of the secularization of American education. The ADL, which is staffed by political Liberals, is notoriously unfriendly to anti-Communists of the tough stripe of Dr. Schwarz. And the high command at the ADL evidently reasoned that they would find it much more satisfying to profess ignorance about Dr. Schwarz, and therefore encourage the continued circulation of invidious rumors about him, than to have to report that they had investigated him, met with him, and satisfied themselves that there was not in him the least secretion of racial or religious prejudice. We are not the first to point out that the Anti-Defamation League is highly practised in defamation. The remark, in as many words, was made by a prominent Jewish New York civil liberties lawyer, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays, years ago.

Dr. Schwarz's New York sessions, like the earlier ones in Omaha, San Francisco and elsewhere, will not be conducted under a sectarian rubric. They are to be called merely the Greater New York Anti-Communism Rally and School. Dr. Schwarz has accordingly made it a point to invite prominent Jewish members of the community to serve as sponsors. But those Jews who are not terrified of incurring Liberal displeasure, appear to be terrified of incurring the displeasure of our old friend George Sokolsky, who on the subject of Dr. Schwarz is, apparently, obsessed. He loathes Dr. Schwarz and his operation, but appears to be incapable of making an intelligible case against him; and to a letter from *NATIONAL REVIEW*, asking him to state his case against Dr. Schwarz, he did not even reply. No one knows what lies behind the dark anti-Schwarzian emanations that flow out

of George Sokolsky's office, even though there has been much public speculation about it. Murray Kempton thinks he has the clue. "Schwarz is an Australian, and Sokolsky feels that anti-Communism is an American enterprise; he is high tariff in all things."

We don't mean to suggest it is just Jews who are smearing Fred Schwarz, by either affirmative or negative action. A passel of Protestant preachers in San Francisco, who know as little about Schwarz as they do about Communism, tore into him before he arrived there to conduct his school. And the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Father Cronin, in his celebrated pamphlet, defined and denounced, without listing their names, the extremist anti-Communists. And told the press the day of publication that he had in mind, among others, Dr. Fred Schwarz's group. However, Dr. Schwarz has never done or said a single one of the things Father Cronin labeled as extremist!

We record these events not merely because it is the job of the press to root out hypocrisy and injustice, but because we wish to put ourselves on record as opposed to the pseudo-sophisticates' view that there is no place on the American scene for anti-Communist evangelism. As a matter of fact, in America, it has been the pressure of the people, rather than of the intellectuals, that has moved our government to take whatever anti-Communist measures it has taken over the years. It is especially important that at a moment when the manicured brains of the Schlesingers and Harrimans and Rostows and Rusks are grinding out appeasement formulas on Cuba and Berlin, on Laos and Formosa, that the Fred Schwarzes get on with their job, of instructing the people in what their leaders so clearly don't know.

Notes and Asides

A few staff changes: Kenneth Shorey, who was editorial assistant to *NATIONAL REVIEW* during the winter, has gone to Mecosta, Michigan, to study under Russell Kirk, to act as his editorial assistant, and to complete a book on the drama. . . . We are sorry to lose David Franke, editorial assistant and impresario-at-large of conservative youth movements. He has opened up an office to which practical politicians (conservatives) may apply for practical guidance. (His two thousand daily correspondents please note: *DF's* new address is 80 E. 11th Street, New York 3, N.Y.) . . . In his place, we welcome Timothy Wheeler of Milwaukee, former factotum of *Insight and Outlook*, the University of Wisconsin's monthly antidote to campus Liberalism.

From Washington Straight

CATO

For some months there has been considerable agitation, largely in the press, for the formulation of a statement of principles by the GOP. Early in January the idea was that such a statement should take the form of a Republican "State of the Union" message to be released concurrently with President Kennedy's annual message to Congress. But the Party leadership in Congress rejected it.

The reason was clear: there was simply not enough time to prepare such a state-



Cato

ment. House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, who had participated in the formulation of a similar off-year platform some years ago, was roundly denounced by the press for "wrecking" the project but his reasons for not buying the "State of the Union" approach were sound.

Halleck had learned from experience that a national party is bound to be faced with almost insurmountable obstacles when it undertakes to define its *raison d'être*. For a national party is, for the most part, an amalgamation of regional and local interests that are able to be reconciled one to the other because the party's basic approach most nearly coincides with the varied approaches of the interested groups within it. To put it more simply, if the document produced is to have any value at all, it must set out, in reasonably specific terms, the principles by which it lives and apply those principles to the vital issues of the time, and still manage to encompass the Goldwaters and the Javitses.

A twelve-man committee, six from the Senate and six from the House, was appointed by the GOP leadership in February. Wisconsin's able Congressman Mel Laird was named to chair the group. Since that time the committee has been meeting regular-

ly. And, as Halleck accurately forecast, the meeting rooms have been drenched in ideological blood. Rumors of threatened resignations by members who saw their ideological positions getting short shrift have seeped out in recent months, but Laird has managed to hold the group together.

A working draft of the statement is now in existence and will be submitted for the approval of the full Senate and House Republican conferences around June 7. The document, say sources close to the committee, is a hard-hitting statement that should answer the oft-repeated question: "What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties?"

One Republican close to the committee put it this way: "If Dick Nixon had been able to present his party's principles in this manner he'd have won in 1960. And he'd have won because the ideological chasm that separates the GOP and the Democrats would have been sharply defined and not blurred as it became during that campaign."

Congressmen, Democrat and Republican alike, are growing more and more restive over the strong-arm tactics of the Administration. Enormous pressures are being brought to bear at the moment in favor of the Administration's Farm and Medicare bills. In the case of the Farm bill, which would regiment farmers even further, the pressure has worked to a certain extent. The bill has been reported out of committee in the House and should reach the floor within the next month. At the moment, thanks to the Billie Sol Estes case, its prospects are dim. Few members of Congress are willing to give the Secretary of Agriculture even more sweeping powers in the light of Agriculture Department involvement in the Estes case. The word, right now, is that not all the pressure the White House can muster will get House members into the proper frame of mind to ensure passage.

On the Medicare front the prognosis is: slow death in Representative

Wilbur Mills' Ways and Means Committee, despite Administration efforts to lobby it out of committee. Members of Congress, at this writing, are bracing themselves for a flood of mail as a result of the President's appearance before a senior citizens' rally in Madison Square Garden on Sunday, May 20. Just how much this mail will affect the outcome of the Medicare program is hard to say, but the position of most Ways and Means Committee members seems to be firm enough at this point to withstand the pressure of the Administration-manipulated letter writers.

Going the rounds on the Hill right now is a raft of stories and cartoons that make no bones about Mr. Kennedy's presumed dictatorial leanings as a result of the steel crisis. Current favorite in the capital is a picture of Benito Mussolini standing on his balcony and addressing a vast multitude of Romans. The caption, dubbed in by a member of the Washington press corps, reads: "Aska not whata Roma canna do fora you; aska only whatta you canna do fora Roma. We musta getta this empire moving again."

Big question around town at the moment: will Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman survive the Billie Sol Estes blow-up? Up to this point President Kennedy has stuck by his embattled cabinet member but—and it has not gone unnoticed here—the President, in praising the qualities he finds pleasing in the Secretary (he played football at the University of Minnesota, got shot up on Bougainville, and was Governor of Minnesota), without actually defending his conduct in the Estes case, has left himself an out if the going gets too rough.

And it looks as if the going will get very rough indeed, since only the surface of the Estes case has thus far been scratched. Moreover, Freeman's role in this is a prime weapon in the hands of congressmen who want a reason to vote against the Kennedy Farm bill.

Probable answer: sooner or later, Freeman will follow Chester Bowles into the netherworld of a meaningless Presidential appointment—the standard sop for politicians who have become obsolete on the New Frontier.

Pay TV Is Here

Not only will Pay TV be a financial success, says the author, but the cashbox viewers may end up putting commercial TV out of business

MICHAEL M. MOONEY

It took ten long years. The FCC, with its accustomed virtuosity, dawdled. NBC and CBS and ABC, through their lobbying activities, made dawdling rather fun. Owners of movie theaters issued acres of propaganda and went to court with a series of nuisance suits. Congress succumbed to suspicion and occasional confusion. But the smoke of battle is clearing away, and we can see the results: Pay TV is coming.

A Pay-TV test will begin this June in Hartford, Connecticut, on UHF station WHCT, Channel 18. The FCC granted the Hartford test license in January 1961. The last significant courthouse roadblock by the Theater Owners of America was cleared away last March.

Pay TV will completely change the entertainment pattern of America. It will close many movie theaters, eliminate the commercial attraction of prime evening time, and eliminate the networks themselves. And it may even change the quality of our entertainment, and alter American taste.

For the past ten years network public relations men have repeated: "It won't work; why should the public pay for what we give them free? We already have on free TV everything Pay TV can offer." But as a measure of the imminence of Pay TV, the nets have now changed their line: "It is not in the public interest for Pay TV to work—but if Pay TV comes, we shall be among the first to take full-scale advantage of its money-making possibilities."

After the first six years of hearings, the camel almost got his nose into the tent: in 1957 the FCC, fixing a tortuous list of restrictions, indicated that a real test of Pay TV might be approved. But Congressman Oren Harris, Chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, an effective champion of

the anti-Pay-TV forces, immediately ordered hearings. His committee voted to instruct the FCC to withdraw its decision.

The Theater Owners of America once claimed a special \$250,000 "war chest" to pay for suits instituted in every area where Pay TV is proposed, for propaganda before the Congress, Public Service Commissions and in the press, and for such activities as collecting 26 million signatures in movie lobbies to "stop Pay TV" or enlisting the PTA organizations in sixteen states. They have failed.

Canadian Experiment

One of the reasons the RKO-General and Zenith Radio test in Hartford was finally granted was that by January 1961 Pay TV was coming anyway. The International Telemeter Company, a division of Paramount Pictures Corporation, had made an end run around the FCC in Canada. Nearly a year before, in February 1960, Telemeter began a test in Etobicoke, a small suburb of Toronto. Since Telemeter uses a cable, avoiding the public airways, it presumably would not come under the jurisdiction of the FCC in the United States until the cable crossed state lines. The test figures from the first year of Pay TV looked so good that Telemeter signed an agreement with Midwest Video Corporation and applied to the Arkansas Public Service Commission for tariffs to wire Little Rock.

In July 1961 the Arkansas PSC held hearings, found Pay TV to be "in the public interest," characterized the

intervening objections of the Theater Owners as an effort to escape the rigors of competition, and agreed to let Southwestern Bell Telephone wire the test area. The Theater Owners sued in the Arkansas state courts, lost, and turned to the federal courts, arguing that since the wire system is a matter of "interstate commerce," it becomes subject to the jurisdiction of the FCC, not the Arkansas PSC.

But the FCC has already held that Pay TV is "testable." The Theater Owners' suits appear, therefore, to be more of a nuisance than a worry to the Pay-TV promoters.

The Hartford license, the Little Rock hearings, the determination of Zenith-RKO and Paramount-Telemeter to go ahead regardless of suits, and especially the figures from Telemeter's two-year Canadian experiment, have changed the mood in Washington and in the smart-money side alleys off Madison Avenue. One advertising agency executive, head of a TV department, has said, reading the signs: "I'm finally going to quit this business; I'm opening a cemetery at some crossroads for my friends at NBC."

Two Systems: How They Work

Two very different Pay-TV systems are now on the horizon: the Zenith-RKO ("Phonevision") system which starts its three-year Hartford test this month—also called the "over-the-air" system; and Paramount Pictures' "Telemeter" system, which has been running in Etobicoke, Canada since February 1960 and is scheduled to open next in Little Rock, New York and San Francisco—the so-called "wire system."

In the "over-the-air" Zenith-RKO system, a subscription decoder (a box about 8 by 10 by 4



inches) is wired in and sits atop the set. The subscriber pays an initial installation charge of about ten dollars. Prices for an evening's programs will vary between 25¢ and \$1.50; the price may include "double features," or a feature and a short, etc.

Subscribers receive advance notice of subscription programs, by direct mail, or through newspaper ads that give program details, hour and date, and a special three-digit code number for each subscription program, and the price for tuning in. When he has decided on his program, the subscriber turns on his decoder and rotates a dial until the proper code combination appears in a small window in the front of the decoder. Picture and sound then come through loud and clear.

When subscription programs are not on, Channel 18 in Hartford will send out conventional commercial programs, sponsored or sustaining. At any time, even when subscription programs are on, the viewer may switch his set to conventional commercial programs, then back to the subscription program at will, without additional charges. In effect, therefore, the Pay programs are "added attractions" on the TV set for which the consumer must pay if he wants them. There are conventional commercial stations in Hartford to compete with the new Pay TV station.

Initial installations of the decoders at Hartford are to be of the "credit" type. The decoder makes an electronic record each time it is tuned to a subscription program. At monthly intervals the subscriber removes the billing tape from the decoder and forwards his payment for the programs he saw.

The Hartford experiment is to begin as soon as a few hundred decoders have been installed. At least 10,000 families will have Pay TV in the Hartford area by the end of the first year. There are about 300,000 homes within range of WHCT and 90 per cent are already equipped for UHF.

The station will operate as a conventional station through most of its broadcast day, with only one or two premium subscription programs aired each day, in prime time, without commercials, for the use of subscribers only. First-run films will comprise the principal portion of subscription

programming, but other entertainment planned includes Broadway plays, full-length grand opera, ballet, and sports events. Zenith and RKO have chartered a joint subsidiary, Tecco, Inc., with Leland Hayward as consultant, to purchase and create Pay TV properties.

Mr. John H. Pinto, executive vice-president of Phonevision, points out that an "over-the-air" signal is a development consistent with the general trend in electronics; wires for electronic devices of all kinds are today antiquated; the capital cost involved in wiring a community for Pay TV is an unnecessary, time-consuming and costly adventure, he insists.

Mr. Louis A. Novins, President of Paramount's Telemeter system, claims that Telemeter also has a fully developed "over-the-air" system, but he thinks wires, despite the heavy capital investment, are preferable because by using wires three programs may be sent at once ("multiplexing"), and the quality of reception is assured: "If a man has paid for the program, he must get top quality performance and reception."

Novins also differs with Zenith-RKO on the method of payment. "It should be on a cash basis. Entertainment has never been sold in volume on credit."

Pinto disagrees: "That's like having a pay phone in your home."

The Wire System

In the "wire," or Telemeter, system there is also a box on top of the set, but it eats coins. When the subscriber turns on his set, he may watch the conventional commercial programs, or he may flip a switch to tune in the Telemeter attachment. He then hears a "barker" announce the programs being offered and their prices. Since three programs can travel along the same wire at once, the subscriber may choose the program on Channel A, B or C. A price indicator displays the charge for each program, and until the subscriber puts in the coins his TV screen remains blank. Inside the Telemeter attachment a tape recording automatically identifies all programs purchased. This recording is collected, along with the cash, every 30 to 60 days. It not only tells what the subscriber paid, it tells Telemeter how

to pro-rate the royalties among the various entertainment packages. The subscriber may always switch from the program he has paid for, over to commercial TV, and back again, without additional charge.

Generally two different shows are offered on two of the channels every three or four days. The third channel features public service programs and sports. At any given time, therefore, there may be a movie on Channel A, a Broadway show on Channel B, a hockey game on Channel C. Multiplexing over the wires allows the Pay-TV promoter to satisfy different tastes simultaneously. Features on the first two channels are generally shown twice every evening, at prices ranging from 50¢ to \$2.00. Public Service programming (news and local events) is free; hockey games cost \$1.00. There is an initiation fee of \$5.00 and a monthly minimum of 75 cents. The cashbox accepts anything from nickels to fifty-cent pieces and even credits the subscriber if he overpays.

Franchised Subsidiaries

Telemeter chose Etobicoke because the small Toronto suburb of 12,000 homes can receive seven commercial channels, including NBC, ABC, CBS, and the Canadian Broadcasting Company (CBC). Competition is stiff.

The Toronto arrangement illustrates how future Telemeter systems may be established. Telemeter set up operations through a local franchise holder, Famous Players Canadian Corp. Ltd., a Paramount Pictures exhibitor. Famous Players, as the franchise holder, gets its equipment through Paramount from Jorrol Electronics Corp. and Guardian Electric Manufacturing Co. As soon as sufficient volume develops, however, Paramount plans to get out of the equipment supply business.

Famous Players contracted with the local telephone company to lay the cable. The hope was to get half of Etobicoke's homes to subscribe within a year; but one week after the plan was announced, Telemeter had to stop taking orders, as the 5,800-home limit was already oversubscribed.

If a franchise holder wants to carry live events, Paramount will provide technical assistance. But Paramount is wary about arranging bookings for the franchise holders because it is

worried over the prospect of U.S. anti-trust action. The company is primarily interested in Pay TV as an outlet for its movies. However, its Telemeter subsidiary has packaged and promoted a considerable amount of entertainment, including a video tape version of the New York City Center production of *The Consul*, by Menotti; the first direct-from-Broadway Pay-TV presentation, Carol Channing in *Show Girl*, televised live from the Eugene O'Neill Theater; a video-tape production of the off-Broadway David Rose production of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, and a taped *Evening with Bob Newhart*.

Money, Money, Money

In the Canadian test, the movie *Psycho* played downtown Toronto, then both second-run theaters in Etobicoke. Two weeks after it had completed runs at both local theaters, it played on Telemeter's Pay TV. On Pay TV it had a maximum potential of 5,800 homes; in each home one "admission" would pay for a whole family. In the local theaters it had a maximum potential of 40,000 to 50,000 homes to draw from, with each patron paying for his own individual admission. Even after being shown in the local movie theaters, *Psycho* had a bigger gross on Pay TV than it had in the theaters!

Or, to state several other cases: *Swiss Family Robinson* drew 30 per cent of the Pay-TV audience after it had been running for six weeks at a local Etobicoke theater; *The Nun's Story* and *The Ten Commandments* each played to 50 per cent of the Pay-TV audience after local theater runs.

Another way to understand the impact of Pay TV on the entertainment market is to understand its effects on sports box offices. In the past, commercial TV could not afford to pay the local college football team enough money to make up for the loss of attendance at the box office. College football home games have, under the circumstances, usually been blacked out. The same has been true of pro football, basketball, the big boxing matches. But with Pay TV the situation is markedly changed.

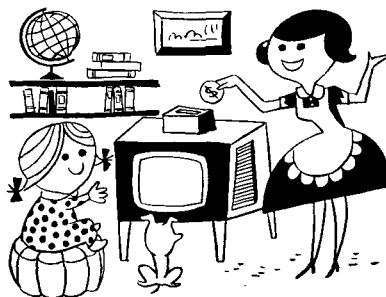
More television viewers in Etobicoke watched a "blacked out" home team professional football game at

\$2 per home than viewed all four other major league football games available to them on commercial television at the same time and on the same sets. The home team Toronto Argonauts drew a 35 per cent share of the audience while the Cleveland-St. Louis game pulled 13 per cent, Giants-Dallas pulled 6 per cent, Bears-Colts 8 per cent, Frisco-Steelers 6 per cent.

This coming winter Toronto Pay-TV homes will be able to feed coins into the box to see the nine home games of the Argonauts and the 35 away-from-home games of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Wouldn't most Americans pay \$1.00 to see a world series ball game? Based on present world series patterns, this would mean that the take from each world series game would run about \$20 million!

It is the enormous dollar leverage expected from Pay TV that is forcing



the changes in this entertainment world. It is the enormous dollar leverage that causes canny movie distributors to apply for Pay-TV franchises. In Little Rock and Hawaii the franchises already have been sold; in Rego Park, New York, in Levittown, New York, in the Community Antenna Systems throughout the West, in the hotel chains, in Washington, D.C., in London—the franchise deals are still just gossip. But there is no question that the whole direction of entertainment organization is changing because of a theory just over the horizon.

The End of the Nets

Pay TV introduces new kinds of competition with different effects on different levels. Some of this competition means only a change in the method of distributing essentially the same entertainment product. But other kinds of competition mean a

substantial change in the variety of the product itself.

To the theater owners and movie house exhibitors, Pay TV is a competitive means of distributing the same basic product: first-run films. Since the cost of a trip to the movie has gone so high when you include the price of at least two tickets, parking charges, baby sitter cost, etc., and since the whole family can watch the same entertainment product for no more than \$2.00 at home, it is clear that the theater owners face radical change, probably extinction. In effect, Pay TV will mean that the same product (first-run movies) will be distributed differently by the same people.

But to the networks, Pay TV means something quite different: unless they join the march to the cash box, it means their end; and even if they do join the Pay-TV rush, it means the end of their government-blessed monopoly to determine the nature of the "public interest" in entertainment. The public will decide for itself what it wants with a coin box.

Some proponents of Pay TV argue that commercial TV can exist side by side with Pay TV simply because it is free. Their argument is that in the consumer's market place, free TV offers such a substantial advantage that Pay TV will have to offer very special fare to woo the consumer.

The argument is sound as far as it goes; but it ignores competition for product. Free TV and Pay TV are compatible until Pay TV has signed up enough subscribers, and won enough dollar leverage, to bid \$1.00 more than free TV for each entertainment package. And this bidding point comes very quickly for Pay TV: some put it at 100,000 sets wired with coin boxes; some think it won't come until 500,000 sets pay cash. In any case, the number of sets required is something under 1 per cent of the U.S. total.

For example, based on current prices, educated guesses are that Pay TV will be able to get Perry Como away from Kraft when Pay TV has less than 200,000 sets; it would pay the producers of *Wagon Train* to make the switch at about the same level. At some point it will no longer be economically feasible for sponsors to pay the networks for nationwide audiences who have the set tuned to

the "Pay" channel. From then on the two systems are incompatible: Pay TV will siphon viewers from commercial TV steadily.

Indeed, some competition for product has *already* begun: Paramount bought control of Susskind's Talent Associates largely because it wanted his inventory of "Play-of-the-Week" tapes. Movie producers already withhold pictures from the commercial TV market for the prospects they see in Pay TV; Broadway and Off-Broadway plays see their economic squeeze relieved in Pay TV, and almost every suitable property has already had its rights bought up by the Pay-TV gamblers; finally, in baseball, both players and owners already are arguing what the various cuts will be when the move is made.

But Pay TV offers not only a different method of distributing, and getting paid for, the same product; but also the possibility, because of its franchise arrangements, of reintroducing variety to mass entertainment; in effect, competition between entertainment packages rather than competition between channels of distribution.

For commercial television has been a licensed oligopoly of the airwaves. The result has plainly been a flat conformity, each minute of day and night, in what is offered both to sponsors and to public.

As long as the Justice Department prohibits entertainment producers from controlling the method of distribution (as was done in the movie business in the "Paramount" cases),

and as long as the FCC does not bless some few corporate boards of directors with the sole responsibility of manufacturing the public taste (as was done in the TV business), Pay TV will offer the possibility of variety in the entertainment offered.

Any entrepreneur may package what he believes to be viable entertainment, make his deal with the Pay-TV franchise holder, and then wait and see if the coin boxes in the neighborhood confirm his judgment.

No Minnows, no network intermediaries, no ad agencies, no sponsors, no ratings. Such an attractive way of doing business for artists and producers that, despite all the efforts of movie exhibitors and the public relations departments of the networks, Pay TV is finally here.

Elegy on a California Melodrama

The author predicts a seventh, and final, crisis for Richard Nixon: his eclipse as a national GOP figure, whether or not he gets to Sacramento

D. J. STEWART

The sufferings of Richard M. Nixon become more evident and more pathetic with each new dawn. His campaign to become governor of California is not going to be the easy slide he thought it would be. He is not finding the considerable bulk of Pat Brown as movable as was first predicted. He has a first-class headache in his own party in the person of Joseph Shell, young, rich, pugnacious and appealing. His various ploys and stratagems have mostly failed in the test. His old habit of using the slightly-too-bitter word is plaguing him. He has no idea how strong the Warren-Knight faction is, or how deeply-felt is their desire to cut his throat. And—he hardly seems to want the job!

This is the basic problem. Nixon wants to stay politically 'alive'; the governorship would provide longevity, but not necessarily of the right sort. For it is entirely out of his hands to elicit any real advantage from such a reprieve. Being governor may prove

no earthly good to him. Kennedy may be unbeatable in '64. Or Nixon may be shouldered aside by another candidate. This is the dilemma: he can have the nomination provided it's not worth having; conceivably he could lose it if it has any value, and this is a strong possibility, for he has no real friends in national Republican coun-

cils, and has no pre-emptive hold on delegates for next time. If he should win the governorship, and then lose the nomination for the Presidency in '64, he would be horribly thrashed in trying for another term in '66.

His promise to stick to Sacramento and to stay out of the fray in '64 should not be taken seriously. He will be sweating like a coal-miner to catch delegates if it appears that the '64 nomination is worth anything. The man whose conscience inspired the stretchsock will have no trouble in rationalizing his candidacy in '64.

Issues Are Unpopular

The more immediate problem, however, is to *get* to Sacramento. Nixon is finding that his old methods of campaigning seem less than successful now. He appears angry and belligerent; he wants to stir things up. Having found that just being Richard Nixon was not enough to assure an automatic win, he has been trying to



Nixon

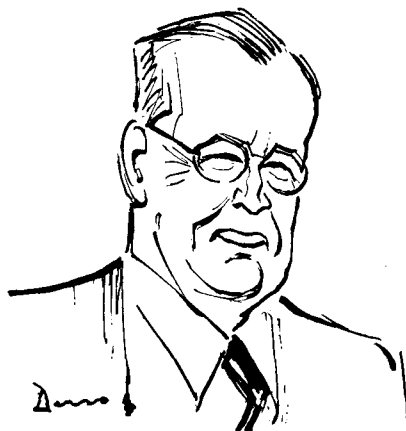
rake up an issue. This may prove disastrous: California voters tend to punish candidates who lug in issues, probably on the reasonable grounds that there *are* no issues in California. Or—there is only one, *sectionalism*, and very few recent candidates have known which end of this issue will pay off. Certainly, Nixon had no notion of how to jump on this. There are good reasons for doubting that the issue of economy is any good, because Californians have never objected to the spending of money, and seem to be satisfied with value received, with the best universities, highways and comforts one could buy. 'Statism' or 'Welfarism' or whatever-you is only a joke; the state is extremely paternalistic, and most people seem to like it that way. There *are* problems, like water, education and roads, but these are mostly technical and offer no partisan handles. Nixon *might* try to junk the Feather River Project, and thus gain the San Francisco vote (Bay Area residents often have a pathological resentment against Southern California); but then he would be slaughtered in Los Angeles, which is a lot bigger. In sum, he needs an issue to get attention, but almost any conceivable issue is either dangerous or useless.

Mild Governors

After decades of riotous corruption and near anarchy, California seemed to turn a corner with the first Warren administration (1942). Since then our governors have been mild, easy-going men who have managed to make their several opponents seem like addleheaded mountebanks. Their whole air seemed to say, "We have a paradise here, let's enjoy it. And let's not become enfevered by the ravings of that fellow with straws in his hair [the opposition candidate]."

Jimmy Roosevelt tried to make an issue out of more welfare (1950) at a time when things were still booming, and the state had all the welfare it could manage; Warren rolled over him, and there wasn't enough left to pick up in a dust-pan. An innocent named Richard Graves tried to fetch Goodwin Knight (1954) with dark warnings about the disaster impending should Knight get another term, his vexation stemming from a view which many unworried citizens

freely endorsed—that Goodie's intelligence measured over in the minus-numbers. Said Graves disappeared like a puff of smoke. Then (1958) Bill Knowland galloped home and began charging about like Paul Revere, shouting about an issue that was almost unintelligible in California—right-to-work! The citizens didn't like having their day-dreams interrupted and handed Knowland a thumping defeat. Even though history doesn't repeat itself in a very dependable



Brown

fashion, I should say that most Californians still cringe when one of these frenzied types begins his incantations, and Nixon may find that rooting in corners for an issue will undo him.

Nevertheless, pretending faith in the polls, I shall assume a Nixon victory. What will he do with it? Very little. He will face a lopsided Democratic majority in the Legislature. The (for once) Democratic gerrymander cooked up last year is, my agents inform me, a masterpiece. It is doubtful that the Republicans will ever get back, unless the state loses half its population. The legislators will foil Nixon, not merely by opposing his bills, but by concocting all kinds of embarrassing legislation on their own, and worse, by putting up a gorgeous array of explosive propositions for referendum to the voters. (One should explain that the California voter must decide, besides his choice of officeholders, on anywhere from thirty to fifty legislative propositions at each election, of which at least six are usually extremely controversial—the ballot is usually as big as a good-sized road-map.) Nor will he get any balm from his own party. Some of the right-wingers who are now sniping at him will shame-

lessly line up to ask for favors, and cry "traitor" if they fail to get them.

Thus Nixon will be holding an office that he can't enjoy, with nothing certain except trouble. He will be bored by mere administration, and if he tries to meddle in things, he will get burned. Yet he needs to generate attention in order to keep his Presidential stock at a competitive level. But Californians are notoriously callous about Presidential hopes; they want a governor to stick to business. If he goes outside to pose as a national figure, he will be invited by the papers to do so on his own time. California voters are not used to having an incumbent governor shouting at them—he has the office, and the power, so why should he clamor? He can try to keep in the news through his handling of state problems. But here new dangers arise. If he meddles with the water problem he will have secession on his hands. If he tries to fiddle with education there will be rumors of impeachment. If he gets heavy-handed with the powerful Attorney General's office (likely to stay in Democratic hands regardless of other changes) every pro and amateur demagogue will be on his back, and he may get chastised by the courts. If he tries to 'de-liberalize' the welfare set-up the Legislature will laugh in his face and dream up more things to put on the ballot. It will be as big as a table-cloth.

Dangerous Spot

In short, if Nixon contents himself with the usual activities of a California governor (Hollywood premières, Rose Parades, inspecting freeways, and worrying about water) he will be unhappy. If he tries to act like a Presidential candidate, many others will be unhappy, and will make their condition felt. All in all, his position is fraught with dangers, the principal one being his only chancy prospects of remaining a national figure. Coolly considered, there is almost nothing for him to do in this line without getting into trouble at home. I venture to predict that, if elected, he will be foolish enough to try to stir up a row about something connected with welfare, and at that point several politicians I can think of will put the morticians on alert and begin thinking of 1966.

The Third World War

The Strangling of the Cities

JAMES BURNHAM

There are a number of converging perspectives through which to view the Grand Strategy of the Communist enterprise. Let us adjust our lens to one of special relevance at this juncture.

In China in 1927, the bloody finish of their premature adventures proved to the Communists that they were not strong enough to take power in the large Chinese cities by a rapid strategy of direct approach. Urban operations were thereafter limited to slow infiltration, subversion and other forms of psychopolitical warfare. Primary operations were shifted to the vast, less intensely organized countryside, where diffused action was always possible. The poor and illiterate peasants were malleable, and many of the landlords could be handled by corruption or terror. A defeat in the countryside could not be conclusive, and was easy to absorb. Defeats, in fact, more than victories, were the surest means for training, testing and hardening the activist cadres.

The Early Phases

It was, moreover, easy to conceal the meaning of the Communist penetration of the countryside as it slowly spread, like a metastasized cancer spreading first through secondary cells before it launches its direct onslaught against the vital organs. Though the Communists ruled openly in certain regions—at first in the southwest, then in their Yenan bastion—there was no need for them to take power in their own name during these early phases. The first task was in any case negative—the demoralization and destruction of the existing order—so that the early development of the strategy did not in fact require Communist leadership, even disguised. Others could do their work for them.

Then the tide, through a multiple cycle of lesser ebb and ever greater flow, swelled over the land until, by 1948, the great cities—Shanghai, Pei-

ping, Tientsin, Canton, Nanking—had become shrinking, internally ravaged islands in the rising Communist sea. Cut off from their hinterland, they were—to change the figure—being strangled, suffocated. When the moment came for the direct strike, they collapsed.

Flailing at Phantoms

But why did not the cities—that is, the national government that based itself primarily on the cities—strike back earlier, before the tide had set irresistibly in? Even granted greater wisdom and discipline than the national government possessed, and more prudent intervention on the part of the Western powers, an effective counter-strategy was terribly hard to devise. By virtue of their city-strangling strategy, the Communists nowhere presented a critical target, either militarily or even politically. Clean them out of this district—as was often enough done—and they were still in a hundred others; and in the first again as soon as your back was turned. Moreover, it was hard to see them as the main enemy, aiming at total conquest: hard enough inside China, but especially hard outside, so that the kind of sustained, ruthless measures that would have been necessary to defeat them would have scandalized the sleep-walking democracies.

Let us now project this strategic chart from the single country on to the globe. In the global projection, Russia is “the Yenan bastion,” western Europe and United States-Canada are “the cities.” The vast underdeveloped, mostly tropical and subtropical, mass-populated regions of Asia, Africa and Latin America are “the countryside.” In the first years after the revolution, the Bolsheviks tried and failed in a direct assault on Germany, key to the European city.

Drawing the lesson, they made the great turn to the long strategy of

indirect approach. Western Europe and North America would be slowly isolated, cut off from the life-giving countryside, reduced finally to withering islands in an alien, swelling sea. They would, when the moment came for the direct strike, collapse at a few sharp blows.

Aiding Our Murderer

On the global as on the national scale, the Grand Strategy does not require that the Communists should themselves take local power in the early phases. As in Africa at present, they may not yet have an adequate apparatus. Even when and where they do, the indirect approach, in the political dimension also, may be preferable; a coalition or neutralist or nationalist-democratic regime does not alert the enemy.

The first major phase is sufficiently achieved by negation: the weakening and destruction of the links with “the cities” (that is, with the West)—elimination of Western military bases above all, of Western-oriented leaders, parties, alliances, schools, business enterprises. This negative phase is often carried through with a minimum of direct Communist participation, under a local leadership aroused from ancestral slumber by ideas refracted from the Western cities themselves and by the pressure of multiplying mouths. Not seldom the Western governments, driven by the suicidal ideology that we call “Liberalism,” collaborate willingly in this primary phase of their own destruction.

In the developing Grand Strategy of the Strangling of the Cities, as the last Western positions crumble in Southeast Asia and the South Seas, we approach the moment of the elimination of the West from the northern shore of Africa—southern flank of Europe, the mother-city. The history of the past 2,500 years seems to prove that Europe cannot exist as a living, dynamic entity without North Africa: without North Africa, tiny Europe—with its eastern half in enemy hands—is left without a maneuvering and marshaling ground, and is outflanked. The West may be near the point of no return—the divide beyond which the strategic road, though it may still stretch out some decades into the future, leads irreversibly downward.

Religion

Conservatives, Liberals, and the Natural Law, I

WILL HERBERG

In the more serious discussions of the New Conservatism, considerations of natural law have played a prominent part. Conservatism, many of its exponents have insisted, takes its stand on the doctrine of natural law, whereas Liberalism is, by its very nature, merely utilitarian, positivistic, pragmatic, and unprincipled. On their side, many Liberals have charged Conservatism with being metaphysical, rigid, and doctrinaire, and have prided themselves on their own flexibility, openness to the empirical, and readiness to respond to changing conditions. And, significantly, the controversy has entered into the theological dialogue of our time.



Herberg

The conviction that all man-made law stems from a source beyond man, from a "higher law," and derives its legitimacy from that source, is one of the oldest and most fundamental convictions of mankind. The philosophers have sought to ground this higher law, in its objectivity and transcendence, on the rational nature of man. The Hebrew prophetic tradition has sought for the same truth in the revealed word of God. But despite the differences in their varying approaches, basic and irreconcilable as they are at many points, Greek philosophers and Hebrew prophets agreed at least on this, that the truth by which man lived was something ultimately independent of him, beyond and above him, expressing itself in norms and standards to which he must conform if he was to live a truly human life. Our Western culture becomes an amalgam of the Greek and the Hebrew, with this vi-

sion of the objectivity and transcendence of truth-for-life as the common conviction, however variously understood. Perhaps nowhere is this common conviction better expressed, in all its poignancy and ambiguity, than in the agonized outcry of Sophocles' Antigone defying King Creon: "Not of today or yesterday is this law, but ever hath it life; and no man knoweth whence it came or how."

But as soon as it was formulated, this common conviction was challenged and denied. Thrasymachus, in Plato's *Republic*, proclaimed that the right was simply the will of the stronger. In the nineteenth century, the same theme was taken up by the pioneers of legal positivism, who (following Hobbes) insisted that the law was *constituted* by the will of the sovereign, and had no being apart from that will. Roscoe Pound and Oliver Wendell Holmes were the most persuasive spokesmen of this view in our recent past: and, of course, in more mitigated and less consistent forms, very much the same idea came to underlie the various utilitarian and pragmatic philosophies of ethics and law that had such appeal until the days of Hitler and Stalin. In fact, the turn to legal positivism was part of a great swing away from "absolutism," of which the cultural relativism of the anthropologists, the psychological relativism of the Freudians (though not of Freud himself) and the moral relativism of the pragmatists were related and influential aspects.

But this positivist-relativist configuration proved unstable. By the 1930s, it was already beginning to crack up, revealing great flaws, the inadequacies of its own inner logic as well as its inadequacies as a moral stance against the anti-human totalitarianism of Left and Right. What was one to do with Hitler and Stalin if one had nothing but legal positivism and cultural relativism with which to

confront them? What could Antigone have done with King Creon had she not had the higher law ("and no man knoweth whence it came or how") to fall back on? Almost fifteen years ago, Arthur Child, a "liberal" thinker, saw clearly where the moral positivism of his time was leading:

Some anthropologists [he said] . . . claim to have learned from their science and proclaim to their students with the authority of Science that no society . . . is better than another, but is only preferred by some people over another; or that there is no reason why a widow should not be burnt alive on her husband's funeral pyre, provided she lives in a society which practises and approves this treatment. Whether, in class, these anthropologists draw out the further consequences of their teachings, I do not know; but their students will draw them—will conclude, say, that the United States is no better than Nazi Germany, but only happens to be preferred by ourselves; that there is no reason why Hitler should not have murdered six million Jews, except as the murders may have led to unpleasant results for himself, although of course the murders do happen to offend our own sentiments. . . . (Ethics, July 1948)

The reflux of conviction was unmistakable. By 1936, Heinrich Rommen was able to speak of the "return of natural right" (*Die ewige Wiederkehr des Naturrechts*); and within the following decade, anthropologists were discovering a "panhuman ethic" to mitigate their cultural relativism, psychologists were beginning to talk about a "basic human nature," and jurists were looking for something under which the stark will of the (totalitarian) sovereign could be subjected to judgment. Something very close to a natural law ethic and a natural law jurisprudence re-emerged as a defense against the Great Leviathan. And then, interestingly enough, it was discovered that even in the Holmesian positivism, "in spite of his [Justice Holmes'] disclaimer, a philosophy of fundamental law was implicit in his concept of liberty and in his behavior as he defended it" (Ralph H. Gabriel, *The Course of American Democratic Thought*, 1940, p. 394). That other great champion of legal positivism, Roscoe Pound, has himself documented the revival of natural law. "From many points of view," he has noted in his introduc-

(Continued on p. 422)

A Matter of Small Choice

JOHN MORRESSY

There was once a small and pleasant country that had a problem. Every country, large or small, pleasant or unpleasant, has its problems, but this country had a problem that was truly unique. It had an ogre.

This country had an ogre the way some countries have a farm problem, a corrupt administration, or an unfavorable balance of trade. It wasn't just an ogre, it was a crisis, and you know what *that* means. It isn't good. The ogre wasn't content with just going around stepping on cottages, climbing beanstalks, and shouting "Fee, fi, fo, fum!" or some other typical ogre talk; he liked to wallop his smaller neighbors with a club, and if they made any kind of a fuss about it, he ate them.

The people, as you might expect, were none too pleased with the situation. Eventually, when half the population had been severely bruised and a number had been devoured, they called a meeting to try to find a solution. Several were offered, but it began to look as though nothing very satisfactory would turn up.

"Why don't we give him a lot of money?" someone asked. "We give it to most of the other ogres."

"That's true," a statesman admitted, "but they're uncommitted ogres—they only insult us and humiliate us. This ogre is *committed*. He's so committed that he eats us."

So that solution was unsatisfactory.

"He doesn't eat everybody," said a confused young man who wanted people to try to see the ogre's point of view. "He just eats the ones who put up a fight when he's beating them."

"Yes, that's right," others agreed.

"Well, now, I don't want to tell anyone what to think," said an elderly philosopher who had spent most of his life telling people what to think, "but as far as I'm concerned, I'd rather be beaten than eaten."

"I'd rather be beaten than eaten! I'd rather be beaten than eaten!" began to spread through the room,

first a whisper, then a hum, then a resounding—if somewhat shrill—roar. As enthusiastic people scurried to and fro organizing marches, painting placards, and committing non-violence on one another, one man tried to be heard.

"Wait a minute!" he shouted. "I want to ask a question!"

"What is it?" said the philosopher.

"Maybe a lot of you would rather be beaten than eaten, but what about your children? Do you want *them* to be beaten, too?"

"It won't always be that way," a man pointed out, "even ogres don't live forever."

"Neither do people," the first man said unhappily. "Especially when they're being beaten over the head."

Peaceful Submission

But no one listened. A parade was organized, petitions, charters, and declarations were drafted and signed, and eventually the people were convinced that peaceful submission was the only conceivable solution to their problem.

A group of statesmen went to the ogre's cave to announce the good news. The ogre was overjoyed that a mutually acceptable solution had been reached, and he promised his full cooperation in the future. He was so happy that, without thinking, he ate two of the statesmen. When the others returned, they told of the mishap, and a number of fanatics tried to arouse the people to fight against the ogre, even if it meant that some of them would be eaten. But cooler heads prevailed.

"If we fight the ogre now," they said, "we may create an unfavorable world opinion. That would never do."

"But how about the ogre?" the fanatics persisted. "He's not worried about creating an unfavorable opinion."

"You just don't understand," the cooler heads said. "World opinion isn't half as unfavorable toward the ones who do the eating as it is toward the ones who let themselves be eaten."

"Then maybe we shouldn't care about world opinion," the fanatics said.

Everything seemed to be going quite well for a time. It was a bit quieter, and some of the old cheerfulness was gone, but otherwise things appeared to be almost the same. Then the disappearances began.

People, especially the plump, juicy ones, began dropping from sight.

Now, they couldn't have wandered off. Shortly after the policy of peaceful submission was inaugurated, the ogre had built a high wall around the country to keep out spies and saboteurs. It also kept the people in. They couldn't be hiding, either. The ogre had come to know every nook and corner of the country, and he had them inspected regularly, in a hunt for subversives.

The few remaining citizens gathered together around the elderly philosopher to see what new advice he might be able to offer. They would have spoken to a fanatic, but there were none left. They were among the first to disappear.

"This isn't what we expected at all," a man said.

"We thought we had a choice of being beaten or eaten," said another, "but we never really had a choice at all!"

"You mustn't think of it that way," said the elderly philosopher, deeply hurt. "You should think of the things we've saved that would otherwise have been lost . . . the great books. . . ."

"There's no one to read them," said the first young man.

"The great symphonies!"

"There's no one to hear them," said the second young man.

"The great ideas of mankind!" said the elderly philosopher desperately.

"There's no one . . ." began a third young man; but he broke off abruptly, and he began to run. The others began to run, too. Even the elderly philosopher, for the first time in his life, began to run, although in his heart, he knew there was no place to hide.

The ogre was coming, and there was a look of terrible hunger in his eye.

Moral: *Groveling or shoveling, you still end up six feet under; but groveling, you get a lot dirtier.*

Conservatives Meet in Rome

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

I have a real horror of congresses, public gatherings, and all larger meetings, so it was with certain hesitation that I accepted an invitation from the Casa di Vita Italiana to a meeting of rightist novelists, essayists, political scientists and journalists in Rome. There were about 50 participants, mostly from Latin countries: Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Goans, South Americans, Belgians, Rumanians-in-exile; but also a few



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Greeks, a Moslem lady from Algeria, and my humble self. The original intent was to restrict the meeting to the Latin world (with frills) because it seemed undesirable to cover too large a territory and too many subjects. But at the conclusion of the mid-May Congress (formally called the Roman Meeting on Culture), it was decided to dispense in future with the Latin frame and to extend its activities to the Western world.

The Congress was marked by significant differences in age: the old and the young were well represented, while there were few participants in the 30-to-45 age group. It is the outgrowth of an intellectual evolution among the young in Italy, as well as in France. This first *Incontro Romano* proved so successful it is now planned as an annual affair.

A Shattered Hope

There is a certain similarity in the ideological development of both countries, inasmuch as there was, in pre-war years, a strong literary and intellectual pull toward fascism among the youth—in France even more than in Italy. Then they were reacting vigorously against the intellectual decadence, the political corruption of Latin democracy, the programmatic

immorality of the Left, the lack of manliness, and the flirtation with treason in the parliamentary regimes. They thirsted for a new spring, a *primavera di bellezza*. This upsurge, this protest and this hope were abused and misused by totalitarian politicians and leaders—and totally discredited. From the shambles of war and defeat, the Left arose to claim the laurels which an uninformed world hastened to give it.

It was able to succeed in this also because the Left is much better organized than the Right. This is true even of a country like Portugal where, despite Salazar's alleged "clerico-fascism," the publishing houses are entirely controlled by leftists. In countries like Italy and France (and, we should add, the United States until a few years ago) the Left has controlled book publishing, the literary pages of newspapers and magazines and, by and large, the film industry. It is for this reason that the Casa di Vita Italiana has bought and established two first-rate literary periodicals and one in the theatrical field. With the publication of books like the excellent and devastatingly illustrated *The Red Film in Italy*, the Casa is doing yeoman service.

In conservative circles there has always been some sort of suspicion that intellectuality and intellectualism are of the Left. For the Right, it was thought sufficient to have the correct outlook and noble sentiments. The "new" rightist, needless to say, breaks with this habit of leaving the field of thought to those who, by now, have created a new and deadly sort of conformity.

Hell, of course, is east of the Iron Curtain. Leftism in free Europe represents Limbo; it is characterized by a decadent bohemianism among those same intellectuals who would be brutally repressed in the USSR. This was evident at the last leftist writers' congress in Florence a few months ago when Chukrav, a Soviet delegate, made a flaming speech against the

degeneracy and immorality of films in the Western world—most upsetting for good Italian Marxists like Pasolini, who extols the life of proletarians and perverts in movies. It is significant of the masochism of the leftist *avant garde* that it humbly serves an ideology which would annihilate it with petty bourgeois fervor if ever it won control.

Galaxy of the Right

No petty bourgeois views were aired at the *Incontro*. A certain pathos could not be avoided because, after all, the Mediterranean is, and remains, the Mediterranean. But the dominant note was one of sincerity of heart (enthusiasm, literally translated, means "to be in God") and real brilliance. We had with us Gabriel Marcel who, last fall, gave the William James Lectures at Harvard; the inspiring Pierre Boutang, editor of *La Nation Française*, who combines *esprit* with intellect and verve; Raymond Magne of *Carrefour*; Vintila Horia, famous Rumanian novelist; Diego Fabbri, a leading European playwright; Vincente Marrero, editor-in-chief of Spain's *Punta Europa*; Paul Sérant, author of an exciting book on French rightist authors, and many others. It was a pity that Ernst Jünger was unable to come and that Giovanni Guareschi, who would have presided, was detained at the last moment, as was Jean Guilton. Professor Toffanin was there; Gaston Godoy, Cuba's former Minister of Justice, and Michel Déon who told us how the leftist literary mafia works in France. The young secretary of the *Incontro*, Giano Accame, gave us a lucid outline of the Italian Left, culturally and politically.

I had not really wanted to go to Rome, but I am happy to have been a witness to the beginning of a movement—not a mass movement, to be sure, but a rebellion of inspired, liberty-loving young men who want none of the nineteenth-century leftist conformity; who want none of the spineless Catholic leftism which exists merely on borrowed ideas. These young men are determined not to repeat the errors of their tragic forerunners, but want to rethink values and notions in the light of eternal verities and of eternity itself.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Bill to Abolish Independent Colleges

At present, the House and Senate proposals to grant big federal subsidies to universities and colleges have slipped out of the news. In effect, the bill languishes in the House Rules Committee; and long may it stick there.

Since Representative Edith Green introduced the scheme, which is backed by the Kennedy Administration, some outspoken college presidents have declared against this largesse for bricks-and-mortar and scholarships. Some twenty-nine presidents of independent and church-related colleges have asked the Rules Committee to give this measure its quietus; other college administrators have expressed opposition separately.

Two of the more active leaders of the opposition are President John A. Howard of Rockford College, Illinois, and President Donald Phillips of Hillsdale College, Michigan. These gentlemen know, in Dr. Howard's words, that "the costs of independent higher education must be met by voluntary support which requires maximum encouragement—not competition—on the part of the Federal Government. Federal subsidy reduces voluntary giving."

Diversity in higher education is better than deadening uniformity. A peculiar merit of American education has been the wide range of types of college, and their freedom from central direction. Incidentally, true academic freedom is much helped by this diversity: for while there is no general influence that can control all colleges, the professional dissenter always can find a berth somewhere else, if he gets in trouble in his present post.

The board of trustees of Hillsdale College has issued a formal "Declara-

tion of Independence" "to resist subsidization of its affairs by the Federal Government. Acknowledging that the possibility of failure is a concomitant of independence, the Trustees place their trust in God and in the dedication and generosity of students, alumni, and friends who share their views."

As President Phillips has written to the chairman of the House Rules Committee, federal subsidies soon would involve grave questions of constitutionality and freedom from political direction: "What of the church-related college receiving tax funds and the fundamental idea of church and state? Will we then change our traditional philosophy or will all church colleges become public? Could there, for example, legally be prayer in a classroom?"

Pleasing the Customer

At Rockford, President Howard points out that federal control necessarily must accompany federal charity. "Totally apart from the provisions of the laws," he writes, "the human factors that are active in the seeking and dispensing of enormous sums of money will also bring about conformity among colleges. Any successful manufacturer tailors his product to the personal inclinations of the public which buys his product; any successful salesman shapes his sales talk according to the known bias of his customer. In this instance, the Federal Government which proposes to underwrite a third of the cost of construction and provide substantial scholarships to students, will become in one congressional vote the largest single customer of all private colleges and a substantial customer of all public ones, a customer in the sense that the government will decide whether to buy for the nation the services of each college, with its federal grants."

And Mr. Howard goes on to point

out that experiment and superior performance actually will be discouraged by federal grants, for those subsidies would relieve independent colleges of the necessity for a healthy competition. "The continued success of a college will no longer depend on the character of its educational program to the same extent, but rather on its ability to get its share of government largesse."

Other Resources

Advocates of the Green bill assert that federal subsidy will not mean federal influence. Look at the Land Grant colleges, they say: to them Washington gave an endowment, but there has been little federal control. But the trouble with this contention is that the federal land grants to state colleges under the Morrill Act were one-shot, outright gifts (which, incidentally, did not require Treasury billions, since the land donated has only potential value to the government). The current proposals for federal subsidy, on the other hand, contemplate continuing appropriations that would be a sizable item in the national budget. Congress would be derelict in its duty if it did not exercise control of some sort, in such circumstances.

If colleges cannot live without appropriation from Washington, probably they do not deserve to endure. Even in these times of punitive taxation, the deserving college can obtain from alumni and foundations the funds they need for maintenance and any justifiable expansion.

Also being considered by Congress now is separate legislation which would give a federal subsidy to institutions carrying on research for the Federal Government—sums 15 per cent in excess of the actual cost of the research projects, designed to cover the university's overhead. Since most such research is carried on at a score of famous universities, and since the general curriculum and standards of the universities would not be affected by such limited aid, the case for this program is quite different. But the scattershot benefaction ultimately would do far more mischief to liberal learning in our country than it could accomplish good by shoving colleges even faster toward indiscriminate expansion.



Kirk

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

The Home of Robert Frost

VINCENT MILLER

This, Frost's first book of poems in fifteen years, may well become an international best-seller: his publishers have ordered an initial printing larger than that of many novels, and the critics have been vying with one another to praise it—and Frost's sixty years of poetry writing—prominently and at length. There is in all this some delicious irony, as there was in his being asked to bestow the blessings of his poetry and presence on the Kennedy Administration's New Frontier, and as there has been in his recent apotheosis here and abroad as the ideal manifestation of American character, as well as of American poetic genius.

It was not always like this. In the early thirties Frost turned his back upon the fevered social planning of the Roosevelt Administration and returned to his farm, suggesting that he would plow his crops under if the planners would do the same with their ideas. He remained adamant and vocal, and the critics found his next three volumes full of un-American callousness and (*mirabile dictu*) "social preachment." He went on despite them, however, patiently learning how to say better and better what he wanted to say; while they more and more concluded that he was succumbing to the regressive small-mindedness

In the Clearing, by Robert Frost.
Holt, \$4.00

lying in wait for all men of conservative temper, and was creating fake pastorals. He even resisted the appeal of a young Harvard graduate who journeyed to ask that he forego his evil ways and write something "truly American" at least. Now, in his late eighties, having changed not a whit, he has suddenly "arrived"; and critics and Presidents must make of the fact what they can.

The road has been a long and difficult one. Frost set out, fifty-odd years ago, to prove that poetic impulse and its gifts were indigenous to an America which—as George Santayana said—seemed bent upon breaking the spirit of its genuine artists. And he has succeeded. He has turned the commonest of American objects over and over until, often enough, he has talked out of them a world of forms. He has pared the loose and wafty poetic diction he

inherited down to a language actually spoken by simple and hard-headed farmers, and has shown that the words and rhythms of that language contain poetry by right and nature—playing them across the poetic patterns and beats which have, since the eighteenth century, been the familiar norms of poetry. In a similar way he has preserved alive for us what could be preserved of that puritan English detachment which, even before his birth, had conquered several continents and much of the seven seas as a way of asserting what its sparse and brooding spirit wasn't taken in by.

HOW DIFFICULT a task all this has been, and how beautifully Frost has brought it off, only a rereading of his books in order makes clear. But something remains to be said: that in each instance—the sermons-in-stones rusticity, the colloquial language, the traditional poetic forms set up like a net to play the ball across, the New England remnant of an old English puritan consciousness—he has mistaken the relationship of the poetic and the familiar,

and what he set out to preserve never really had life enough in it.

Familiarity and tradition are different things. Familiarity is concerned with what, if the race as a whole could live it in art as their fathers lived it in reality, would sustain them. But tradition is concerned with discovering among the fragments of a world that is a total revaluation of all they and their fathers have ever been, what sustains them because it inheres. Frost sought the second, but confused it with the first. He selected his path deliberately and lived along it personally, and even courageously, before he wrote of it. If there is, then, something touchingly wrong with the rhythms of country speech, and the ambiguities of puritan non-commitment, when these are offered to an age that must do its living to the rhythms of the internal combustion engine and among the seemingly grotesque juxtapositions that are thrown up to it daily on any newspaper's front page, it is not a gift one wants to despise. "Home," Frost once wrote, "is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

Sooner or later, however, if a country is to survive, being country-deep will not suffice—a fact Jefferson and Adams realized clearly enough. And it is for *not* realizing it, as much as for anything else, that we now honor Frost as typical of our genius, as we do not honor

Pound and Eliot. While Frost was engaged in his lifetime effort to find familiar old ways to confront an unfamiliar new world (he entitled one of his poems "One Step Backward Taken," and began another, one of his finest, "Back out of all this now too much for us"), his two compatriots were engaged in a more radical endeavor, that of cutting back to its very roots in Western culture all that seemed familiar in American life and art, in



order to discover how this life is sustained by something both older than English rural puritanism and more capable of nourishing the life of the city we now have to build. "Home," Eliot wrote, "is where one starts from," adding that, of course, the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.

That Frost should at long last have been taken in, and by the very fragmented world he still refuses to be "taken in" by, is then a multiply ironic, but nonetheless genuine tribute, both to him and to those vestigial common-sense traditions which he

has spent a lifetime shoring up. But that what he has labored to preserve is capable of informing or even disturbing his country's drift, both his late-arriving honors and his new book prove impossible. The title poem of the present volume is about America: it ends with smoke and mist, wondering what the inner haze is all about. For those who have taken more than "one step backward" this is hardly good enough; but as our wisest country comment upon our present national purposes, it has—like the volume itself, and all of Frost—its tough and refreshing, if dangerously limited, appeal.

Memo: JKG to JFK

EDWARD C. BANFIELD

Economic *Development in Perspective* consists of five lectures given in India last year by Ambassador Galbraith in an attempt "to put the development task into clear and simple perspective" and to lessen the

Economic Development in Perspective, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Harvard University Press, \$2.50

danger of confusing "part of the problem with the whole."

The usefulness of capital, technical assistance and planning in bringing about economic development has been much overemphasized, Mr. Galbraith says. In many of the underdeveloped countries (India is the only one specifically named as an exception), the critical barriers are lack of effective government, education and social justice. Until these barriers are removed, capital, technical assistance and planning can help little or none, and removing the barriers will be appallingly difficult because many of the problems have the form of a "closed circle." How, for example, can a country without effective public administration acquire it, since bad administration tends to perpetuate itself?

Prematurely or wrongly used, capital, technical assistance and planning may actually do more harm than good, the Ambassador goes on to say. Easy credit from abroad may reduce

incentives to achieve the efficiency necessary for eventual competition in world markets. Much of the technology of the more developed countries is unsuited to the needs of the less developed ones, and inappropriate borrowings may make the borrowers worse off. The greatest danger, however, is in unwise borrowing of organizational forms and techniques. It is the "unquestioned good fortune" of the United States that there did not exist one hundred years ago community education experts, grain marketing analysts, home advisers, and the like. If these had existed, they would have drawn attention from the central task of getting the farms settled and the railroads built.

Government planning, in the sense of the setting of production targets and investment outlays, is highly undesirable in the less developed countries. Government should confine itself to providing roads, schools, and other such facilities as will constitute an administrative, social, and educational groundwork for development. Any further government planning is likely to do harm by emphasizing tangible monuments to progress like steel mills, dams and fertilizer factories at the expense of the "groundwork" facilities and of the typical consumer's need for food, clothing and shelter. If a plan along

modern lines had been made for early American agriculture, it would probably have emphasized plant breeding and better marketing while overlooking the really critical thing, better transportation.

Free enterprise, Mr. Galbraith says, is essential to development in these relatively backward countries. "The individual or natural personality realizes itself only under conditions of liberty." If they are to act promptly, corporations must have freedom, and their freedom must extend to the right to make mistakes. Governmental interference, however well intentioned, will be damaging. If the United States Government undertook to prevent automobile companies from misjudging consumer demand for new models, the result would be costly delay. The corporation should be judged by the amount of earnings it puts into its own expansion; the most successful corporation will be the one which, by its efficiency and drive, finds the earnings that allow the greatest growth.

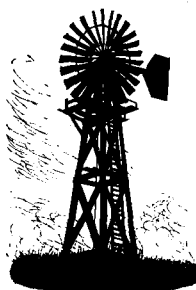
THIS ARGUMENT, which I consider perfectly sound and very much to the point, has some clear implications for American policy—implications which, now that Congress is about to consider another foreign aid bill, are very timely. Mr. Galbraith does not discuss these implications, presumably because it would not have been appropriate for him to do so before a foreign audience, but also, perhaps, because they are so painfully obvious.

One such implication is that our aid to promote economic development (as distinguished from aid to serve military or other purposes of our own)

should be drastically curtailed, or even stopped altogether, in most parts of the underdeveloped world. Very few countries have reached the point where we can expect them to be more helped than harmed by capital, technical assistance and planning. As Mr. Galbraith says (in what must be diplomatic understatement), in

"many" of the new African states and in "parts" of Latin America the preconditions for effective use of aid do not exist.

Presumably Mr. Galbraith thinks that the Kennedy Administration



made a bad mistake in shifting the emphasis of the aid program from defense-support to long-run economic development and in increasing its scale so greatly. That we have committed ourselves to supplying \$3 billion over five years to the Alliance for Progress must appear particularly unwise to Mr. Galbraith, since so many of the Latin American countries are still tightly locked within "closed circles."

Presumably Mr. Galbraith also thinks that we should refuse all aid (again, in so far as our purpose is to promote economic development, not to secure some political advantage for ourselves) to countries that would use it to stifle free enterprise. It is hard to see how in charity we could do anything else but refuse, since, as Mr. Galbraith says, the danger is not simply that our money will be wasted but that the recipients will be more harmed than helped.

Incidentally, Mr. Galbraith must also be of the opinion that U.S. Steel did right and the President wrong in the recent dispute over steel prices. That the President meant well does not excuse him, in Mr. Galbraith's

view. ("The problem, I repeat, is not of wise or of ill-motivated intervention. Rather it is of anything that interferes with or distorts and destroys the firm or corporate personality. This is a matter of the utmost importance . . .")

Doubtless only the constraints of his official position prevented Mr. Galbraith from considering what, from the American point of view, are the largest questions of all. Had he been able to give a few more lectures explaining whether the economic development of the backward countries will, in the long run, contribute to the peace of the world and the security of the United States (India would have provided him with a good case in point) and how similar our alleged moral obligation to assist the backward countries is to what used to be called (by those on the giving end) the White Man's Burden and (by those on the receiving end) Colonialism, I would be satisfied that he had very much reduced the danger of confusing a part of the problem with the whole. At any rate, he has gone as far as an ambassador can well go, and for that we should be grateful.

pupil of Voltaire who loses his faith in atheism and learns to respect equally the Huguenots and their Catholic persecutors (Baroness LeFort was a Huguenot until her conversion to Catholicism in 1952). In *The Judgement of the Sea*, a strangely haunting story set on a becalmed ship in blinding sunlight, a Breton woman saves a life when she has every reason to murder. *The Gate of Heaven* is about Galileo's heresy and the anguished position of his Inquisitors whose intellects are thrilled by his discoveries but whose duty to faith can only demand from him a recantation. These short novels are constructed with a skill and imagination which give intense satisfaction in the reading.

ALDOUS HUXLEY's *Island* moves us from Gertrud LeFort's timeless romances to the innate obsolescence of science fiction. The Huxleys, a clan blessed with concreteness and particularity, have been seeing visions for several generations and presenting them to the public as books biological and satiric, endemic and philosophical. Upward, their cry is, and Onward. Aldous of the Huxleys has usually figured among the family as something of a wag, a specialist in hallucination, prophecy, and extrapolation. Now he has taken up a new brand of fancy, and imagines, in a manner suggesting, but not imitating, Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, an ideal society whose existence is a criticism of the real world and its drunken sprawl toward a colorful end. This society is Scotch in economy, isolation, and practicality, Polynesian in geography and physique, Mexican in hallucinatory wares, Persian in morals, and Indian in philosophy. *Sui generis*, it is a collectivist society of advanced ideas and enforced virtue. Had Rousseau married a daughter of John Stuart Mill, this is how they would have raised their brood.

Our reporter who visits this sociological wonderland is glad of the change. His father was "an ardent Liberal. Even when he was drunk." He was born in Bloomsbury, and his mother was an archdeacon's daughter. Bloomsbury, disillusioned with its own nerves, has traditionally gone Gauguin in the scattered Moluccas or packed its Bhagavad-Gita and followed Gerald Heard to California. So

Fiction

Romances and Rabelais Reviv'd

GUY DAVENPORT

THE THREE novels under consideration have nothing in common but their eligibility to lie side by side on the fiction table of a bookstore, yet

The Judgement of the Sea, by Gertrud von LeFort. Regnery, \$5.00

Island, by Aldous Huxley. Harper, \$5.00

Reinhart in Love, by Thomas Berber. Scribner, \$5.95

they are worth discussing together for contrast alone. Each is worth knowing, entertaining, readable. To take them in order of impact:

The German novelist Gertrud von LeFort is not well known here, though she is as firm a traditionalist as Isak Dinesen, who is, and with whom she might share a reputation. We are apt to note immediately that

the Baroness LeFort has the confident, old-fashioned skill and Gothic atmosphere of Isak Dinesen; the truth is that Isak Dinesen has these things from the Baroness LeFort. Her writing is aristocratic, direct, of a steely hardness and flexibility. The four novellas which Isabel and Florence McHugh have translated are sharply differentiated in tone and matter; each, however, is about the soul's dilemma before a duty to God and a duty to love and the discovery that the two are interlocked, indeed, integral.

In *Plus Ultra*, the setting is medieval Spain and the calm beauty of the story lies in its ability to go deeper and deeper into a heart whose love moves Platonically from denied object to denied object until it understands both itself and the nature of love. *The Tower of Constant* is about a



Mr. Huxley, in the great tradition of high-class English cranks, hails us to his spice island and hands us at the dock the customary pamphlets on dietary reform, Yoga exercises, Hindu wisdom, sex hygiene, guides to self-confidence, occult incantations, non-circulation-restricting garments, the sayings of Swamis and Gurus, mycological narcosis, love, improved fertilizer, posture, and so on.

The plot is slight: this flowery utopia is both defenseless and rotten at the top. Its young ruler is mollycoddled by a *Jocasta* who is still spiritually a European, and these two decadents sell the county down the ocean to a neighboring fascist island. To point out the weakness in an impossible and imaginary society which is itself locating weaknesses in our society is perhaps supererogatory. It is as if Mr. Huxley takes as much delight in erasing his vision as in dazzling us with it. Model societies under glass are charming to watch, especially when the toy-maker is as clever as Aldous Huxley.

THOMAS BERGER's second novel, *Reinhart in Love*, is as much down amongst the ingrained grime of the real world as Huxley's *Island* is ethereally above it. Mr. Berger's novel is, in fact, a comic masterpiece. To say that it is a novel about a World War II vet who adjusts to civilian life like a porcupine trying to nestle to sleep in a silo of balloons is to say nothing.

The idiom into which it is heaped, like the bathroom closet on pages 73-74 which cascades 112 random items onto the hero ("Gauze wound him in cerements, assisted by Adhesive Tape, who paid out white binding as it traversed his trunk on its unicycle. He fought back, crushing Merthiolate, who died in a pool of gore . . ."), is a preserve of every comic resource of English. Hyperbole vies with outrageous innuendo; irony runs its blue flash through material Laurence Sterne would have savored; magnificent bad taste blows like a wind of gritty vulgarity from first

page to last. The novel has a message of sorts, but it invariably keeps it behind its back in hilarious embarrassment.

This is a book to be enjoyed scene by scene, for its 438 pages of buffoonery are not primarily a coherent story but a circus of episodes, each beautifully self-contained, retellable, and superbly funny. Several episodes are perfect: the Kentucky hot-rodder and his incredibly accurate monologue; the dinner party at Splendor Mainwaring's, a brilliant Negro whose

mind has spun thin an American high-school education but who lives in lyric paranoia and cannibal king pretension ("Have you finished your Turkish, Father?" "All the way to the scum, Son."); the college English professor who corrects our hero's reference to Dante's *Paradiso* ("*Inferno*, you mean. That's the poem's title, *Inferno*."); and the evening the hero's wife leaves him—a crystal of self-congratulatory stupidity. Mr. Berger's knowledge of humanity is so impressive that if books were still, as once, valued for their wisdom rather than for their agonized disavowal of any possibility of wisdom, he would rank high in the current crop.

Once Bitten, Twice Bitten

M. STANTON EVANS

IN ITS unflagging game of one-upmanship against the free world, the Soviet Union has experienced uneven success. For years, the Kremlin's efforts to co-opt crucial inventions as symbols of Russian genius were dismissed by Western authorities as ridiculous bravado. Recent assertions of Soviet prowess have been viewed less skeptically. For some reason, the same Westerners who shrugged off assertions that Russians invented the radio, the steam engine and the electric light have accepted Moscow's claims to technical and economic performance, in

Soviets had only to suggest the general outline of what they wanted us to believe; eager spokesmen in the free world gladly filled in the details. This alteration in the Western psyche can be traced, in some measure, to a policy of official "acceptance" of Soviet claims by free world governments. It can also be traced to a curious lapse of historical memory on the part of Western scholars. Scientists who kept the epic fraud of Trofim Lysenko firmly planted in their minds might be more reluctant to accept the latter-day prodigies credited to the Kremlin.

East Minus West=Zero, by Werner Keller (Constantine Fitzgibbon, trans.). Putnam, \$6.95

many cases less plausible than the others, with goggle-eyed credulity. Instead of braggarts who misrepresent and inflate their performance, the Soviets have become, in Western eyes, modest virtuosi who claim no more than they are capable of, and sometimes less.

Thus in recent years we gratuitously attributed to our enemy enormous "leads" in aircraft and missile development—both of which turned out not to exist. In some cases, the

Here and there, efforts have been made to hack through the jumble of half-truths, evasion, and doctored data which constitute most of the Soviets' current "achievements." Colin Clark and G. Warren Nutter have done yeoman work in dissecting the myth of Kremlin-generated "economic growth." Glaring discrepancies in certain of Moscow's space claims have stirred considerable doubt as to their authenticity. And, in recent weeks, the same politicians who cried "missile gap" during the 1960 Presidential campaign have confessed that there is no missile gap. Yet in spite of these advances, much confusion remains.

What has been needed is a work

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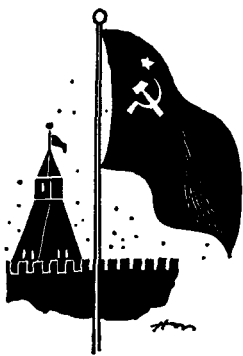
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which puts the entire Soviet record, claims and facts, in perspective—the five year plans, Lysenkoism, inventive “firsts,” economic growth, nuclear technology, missiles. Now there is such a book—*East Minus West=Zero*, by the German historian, Werner Keller. Keller’s thesis is that Russia, from Peter the Great through Nikita the Irascible, has made whatever progress it has achieved by copying the West. Russian backwardness was at first a matter of historical accident; later, a case of perverted ideology imprisoning a nation at the threshold of its maturity. Keller’s most important demonstration, as he goes about establishing his case, concerns the perfect mating of Soviet vampirism with Western hemophilia. He recalls, for example, the eagerness of American capitalists, during the first five year plan, to construct marvels of industrial giantism in the USSR (which, once the American technicians departed, usually lapsed into chaos or desuetude); the tons of technical literature, much of it unavailable to the general run of our own scientists, which pour into the Kremlin’s Institute of Scientific Information; and, most alarming of all, the West’s adamant refusal to adopt a policy of minimal sanity toward Soviet espionage and subversion.

One chapter, for example, reviews the fantastic story of the trunk loads of high-level and “secret” documents flown to the Kremlin out of Great Falls, Montana, during World War II. Funneling the material to this staging point was a vast network of Soviet agents, who traveled around the United States without official hindrance. Indeed, with the total absence of security precautions in the U.S. atomic project, and with the inability of our technicians to make a full physical account of their product, these trunks could easily have contained the nuclear materials themselves, as well as documents concerning them.

The psychology which allowed the plunder of our secrets and our materials during the war is still with us. We see it in the wistful quest for

informational “exchanges” with the Soviets, in the freedom permitted Bolshevik scientists to wander about our nuclear installations, in the reams of valuable data which flow into Communist hands every day of



the year. This history speaks both to our own weakness, and to that of the Soviets. It illustrates the dismal psychological weakness of the West, apparently incapable of summoning the will or the intellect to cleanse itself of the incompetents and worse who have fumbled away our secrets to the enemy, or to close off the endless stream of

information which is handed over to him as a matter of policy.

But the parasitic relationship demonstrates Moscow’s vulnerability as well. Each pilfered secret, each ingested morsel of data, gives the Soviets a new level of achievement to be claimed and trimmed out with furbelows of expertise—our expertise

(e.g., the Van Allen radiation belt); and each claim achieves a plateau of credibility which prepares the way for the next. But it is much less likely that the pyramiding of second-hand information can create the vast industrial complex or the technological sophistication which can transform the claims into stable reality. If once the flow were to be cut off, the Soviets’ “achievement” machine, on Keller’s evidence, would come to a shuddering halt.

On some particulars, Keller’s factual statements do not jibe with those put forward by others more intimately acquainted with the field under discussion (e.g., Keller’s version of the mileage the Soviets got from captured German scientists is at variance with that of Wernher von Braun, who interviewed the returning prisoners), and in such instances, the reader will be advised to reserve judgment. But on the whole, Keller’s work qualifies not only as a survey of the record, but as the best single book available on the subject of Soviet capabilities and performance.

Theater

Well Now, Let’s See...

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

... it’s a tale of seduction and lust, of a vampire mother draining the blue blood from an only son, of possessively obsessive, obsessively possessive possession, of her fight—tooth, nail and Venus-flytrap—to hold the boy (“He’s impotent, he’s weak, he’s a child, he’s mine!”) against the good-hearted slut who dies trying to slash the reinforced concrete umbilical cord uniting Albert Edward Robinson Rosepettle IV to his mother, and whose epitaph is fittingly proclaimed by a querulously victorious Madame Rosepettle: “*Robinson! I went to lie down and I stepped on your father! I lay down and I lay on some girl. Robinson, there is a woman on my bed and I do believe she’s stopped breathing. What is more, you’ve buried her under your fabulous collection of stamps, coins and books. I ask you, Robinson. As a mother to a son I*

ask you. What is the meaning of this?” (*Curtain*)

Good question. That’s what the audience has been asking itself since it was handed a yard-long program which unfolded to announce that this was: “*Oh Dad . . . Poor Dad . . . Mamma’s Hung You in the Closet . . . and I’m Feelin’ So Sad . . . A* play by Arthur L. Kopit.”

Technically, ODPDMHYITCAIFSS, as it is known to its friends, belongs to the Theater of the Absurd. Its author, 26-year-old Arthur Kopit, is a Harvard boy genius who *didn’t* go in for political theory, for which the country should be devoutly grateful. For here is a truly original and comic playwright. *Oh Dad* is rough. It’s got a bucketload of low spots, but there’s more gold to be mined in Kopit’s off-Broadway offering than in half a

dozen hits now packing 'em in on West 44th Street. More often than not he gets his laugh through the collision of the expected and the bizarre. He lulls you along for a while and then, whambo . . .

A mother and son arrive at a Caribbean resort hotel: routine. But not when they are preceded into their suite by a sticker-bedecked coffin in which the late Mr. Rosepettle, stuffed ("wonderful taxidermist I know"), now makes his home. "Life," says Mrs. Rosepettle somewhat later on, in explanation of this eccentricity, "is never funny. It's grim. It's there every morning breathing in your face the moment you open your red baggy eyes." Okay so far. Routine funny, but routine. But then, "Life, Mr. Roseabove, is a husband hanging from a hook in the closet. Open the door without your customary cup of coffee and your whole day's shot to hell."

Life with Mrs. Rosepettle includes Venus'-flytraps, a silver piranha which is fed Siamese cats (it prefers kittens, on the American plan); it includes Albert's or Edward's or Robinson's (whichever she happens to be calling him at the moment) *fantastic* stamp collection, *fabulous* coin collection, *extraordinary* book collection. It includes chairs which move without being touched, drapes which open and close without human hands, a cuckoo clock which strikes when Mamma is displeased and, of course, poor Dad, hung up there in the closet.

TO HAVE chosen Jerome Robbins, an imaginative and inventive choreographer (*West Side Story*, *Peter Pan*, *The King and I*) to direct the play was a stroke of genius. He gives the production a pace and flow, a quick shift in tone and motion which carry cast and audience effortlessly from one out-of-this-worldly situation to the next.

Only once does the pace drop off and that is in the unbearably long soliloquy at the start of the third scene when Madame Rosepettle explains to a slaveringly amorous Commodore Roseabove why she is what she is. In itself, this central soliloquy is good theater and masterfully played by Jo Van Fleet (about whom it will probably be said in her obituaries that she created the role of Madame Rosepettle). In a rare obeis-

ance to conventionality—he obviously thinks some explanation of events leading to the stuffing of Mr. Rosepettle is owed—Kopit chops thirty minutes out of a short show and gives them to Madame Rosepettle to do the explaining. His flair for words is never more apparent. But the mood has shifted. When Mamma describes her late husband ("... but Albert, poor Albert, he was as ugly as a humid day, and just about as wet, too. Oh, he was a fat bundle of sweat, Mr. Roseabove. He was nothing but one great torrent of perspiration. Winter and summer, spring and fall, Albert was dripping wet . . ."), she plays it not for the humor but for the macabre horror of it, horror ranging from grotesque to Grand Guignol.

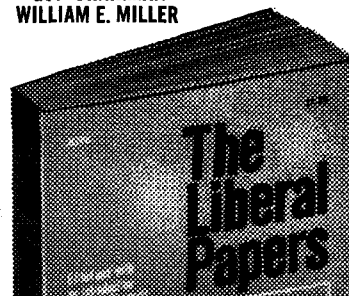
It's a demanding bit of stagecraft, an actress' delight (and heaven help the parents of Hillcrest High when pretty little Julia Davis attempts it), but it's too long, too sobering. To this point, *Oh Dad* has flowed, darted, cha-chaed its way from absurdity to absurdity: when it stands still too long, the fantasy wears thin.

But help is on the way. Albert Edward Robinson Rosepettle IV is on the warpath. He has chopped down the Venus'-flytraps, murdered the silver piranha. Mamma is safely off-stage. (Clad in a black leotard and an enormous straw hat, Madame Rosepettle has taken off on her nightly walk down the beach to ferret out loving couples and kick sand in their eyes.) Rosalie, the would-be vamp (gloriously played by Barbara Harris), enters in pink bouffant little-girl dress, ankle socks and button-strap patent leather shoes and gets on—immediately—with the business of seducing Robinson. The scene reaches a comic crescendo which nothing, not even the subsequent murder of Rosalie, can disturb, and it's the moment, when Rosalie tries to tumble Robinson on his mother's bed, that the closet door flies open and poor Dad erupts on the scene, knocking Robinson to the floor. "What is it?" asks Rosalie, and then, "What a stupid place to keep a corpse."

There are no two ways about it: *Oh Dad*, *Poor Dad*, *Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* must be seen to be believed—and even then you may have trouble.

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... The laws, and the politicians who favor them, are the product of the mass-mind of America, and that mass-mind is the product of the ideas implanted in it long ago and carefully cultured through the years. Unless and until this mass-mind of America is re-educated to freedom, the end product of Socialism is unavoidable. No program based on a policy of immediacy can prevent it.

The Task of those who would stop our descent should not be the changing of laws but *the inculcation of values which will make such laws impossible*. That is a difficult chore, to be sure, but it is the only one capable of producing the desired result.

”

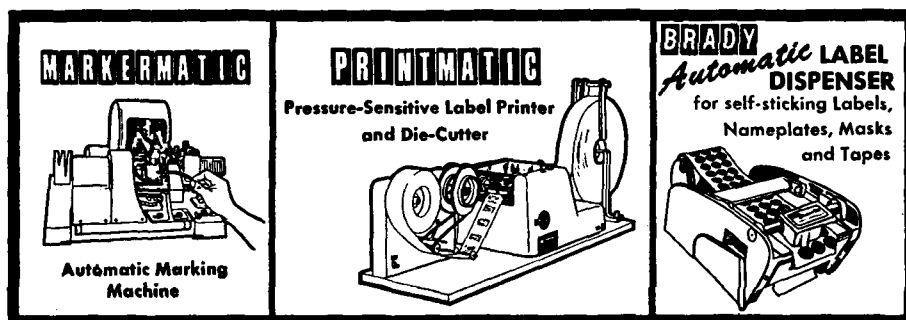
From the essay, "For Our Children's Children"
Written in 1949 by Frank Chodorov,
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

A **RADICAL'S AMERICA**, by Harvey Swados (Little, Brown, \$5.00). The socialist camp in America, it must be conceded, has produced some fine writers; and Harvey Swados is among them. This book is a collection of essays published over the past ten years, and is—despite the approval of Harry Golden—literate and enjoyable reading. Swados discusses the labor movement (complaining that the NLRB is pro-business!), Liberalism (making some points with which weary conservatives might agree), the cultural significance of *The Caine Mutiny*, today's youth, some Jewish writers, and Ingemar Johannsen. Through it all, one feels that this middle-aged radical is angry most of all because his socialist credo is as likely to be found in the pronouncements of the Democratic National Committee as it is in *Dissent*. Or it may just be that Swados is more radical than socialist, and, for a brief moment, he considers the appraisal: "No doubt some will insist that I mislabel myself, that one cannot be at the same time a skeptic and a Socialist . . . that if America were visited by almost any variety of socialism, from 'tiptoe' to 'total,' I should be as outraged as I now am. . . . This may be."

A. E. GOLLAN

A **HISTORY OF SOVIET AIR POWER**, by Robert A. Kilmarx (Praeger, \$7.50). Among the several reasons for the present strength of Soviet air and missile power, not the least is an almost unbroken record of Western assistance. From the birth of the Red Army during the Civil War until today, the West has provided the Soviet Union with means for increasing its military might. Whether this has been outright assistance (engineers, plants, Lend-Lease, the trade of the type deplored by Senators Dodd and Keating), or has been indirect and often unintended (sabotage, espionage, cultural exchange), the result has been a solid contribution to the Soviet war-making potential. Kilmarx, in this excellent study, cites this record, and other developments, to demonstrate that the time has come to reverse the process.

W. D. JACOBS

To the Editor

Zeroing In

James Burnham deserves great credit for his incisive writings on foreign affairs. His review of Barry Goldwater's *Why Not Victory?* [May 8] should be thoughtfully considered by the Senator. If Goldwater has become as popular as it seems, it is due, in part, to his frankness about specific issues. Recently he said that the Administration has a no-win policy, but that is too broad a criticism to hold the attention of the general public. He should, for instance, demand a thorough investigation of the State Department's withholding of aid from the anti-Communists in Laos. When this action is contrasted to support of Tito, the Senator would have a battle-cry that would find ready popular acceptance.

The Senator should not be expected to champion every issue considered of importance to conservatives. Senator Knowland was hurt by his choice of issues; we cannot afford to lose men of his caliber. Let Senator Goldwater heed the advice of James Burnham by making a "sustained campaign on a key issue . . ."

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DENIS KILLEEN

Algeria

Re "The Terrible Meaning of the Algerian Settlement" by Thomas Molnar [May 8]: One sees no mention of the unbelievable atrocities and murders committed by the "civilized" European OAS in the name of Saving the West. (I note *NATIONAL REVIEW* has plenty to say about alleged UN atrocities in Katanga.) Is brutality OK when it is done in the name of anti-Communism?

New York City

JOHN LISSNER

NR has condemned, and continues to do so, any wanton act of brutality (see editorial page). —ED.

Charles Ives

As a young American composer, I was happy to see Charles Ives mentioned in your magazine ["Random Notes," April 10]. He is to my mind the one great composer this country has yet produced. However, when your writer speaks of his *Concord Sonata* being long unpublished, I

think he is referring to the book *Essays Before a Sonata*, published in the mid-twenties by Knickerbocker Press and one of the most elusive books in the rare-book dealers' repertoire. It is certainly high time this was reprinted. It compares with Stravinsky's prose as the two musics do: Ives' trenchant and honest, Stravinsky's witty and magnificent. As to the *Concord Sonata* itself, it can easily be found in an edition by, I believe, Arrow Press.

Munich

STEPHEN ADISS

The Battle of Palm Beach

It was the letter of Miss Taylor Caldwell [May 22], not my husband's article on Palm Beach, that was almost totally erroneous. Miss Caldwell may indeed have touched base in Palm Beach to "do a little autographing," or engage in some other hurried, dilettante enterprise, but this hardly makes her an expert on the town. My husband lived in Palm Beach all winter, and knows what he's talking about. There is a kind of tacit curfew for Negroes in Palm Beach, and while I dislike to quote *Look* magazine as a co-authority, I refer to its piece (on Palm Beach) of Feb. 13: "... according to a white native, 'Negroes know their place around here.' By this, he means, among other things, that those with jobs in Palm Beach do not linger there after work. If they should, the police would question them and urge them on home." In three months of living in Palm Beach this winter, I never saw a Negro, aside from the Washboard Band, walking on the streets of Palm Beach after dark. I *did*, however, see two carloads of Negroes, trying to park on Worth Avenue during the daytime, moved briskly along by the police. I'm amazed, by the way, that Miss Caldwell failed to challenge my husband's (and *Look's*) statement that Negroes do not own homes in Palm Beach. An oversight?

Miss Caldwell, in her pointless and bumbling way, implies that my husband mentioned the undoubtedly fine police force as being "reminiscent of Castro's unholy gendarmerie." What he actually said, to inject a note of accuracy into Miss Caldwell's broad-

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side (I hope she doesn't write books with this same disregard for the truth) was: "... they range the streets in numbers reminiscent of ..." And indeed I have never seen so many police congregated in so small an area, anywhere on earth. Moreover, the Sheriff's Organization of the Palm Beaches, not the Palm Beach police force, has been so malodorous that, shortly after my husband's article was written, the U.S. Department of Justice announced a forthcoming, sweeping investigation. In fact, it is difficult to fix on the exact purpose of Miss Caldwell's letter, except, perhaps, to get in a good word for the Kennedys. On one last subject, perhaps, she could extend her love for veracity a step further and supply NATIONAL REVIEW with a full current list of the colored members of President Kennedy's country club. Just as Southern literacy tests may prevent some Negroes from voting, a \$7,000 initiation fee, plus \$7,000 in bonds for upkeep, have all the intended effect of segregating Mr. Kennedy's club.

Finally, I was shocked at Miss Caldwell's bitter denunciation of the genteel, old-line residents of Palm Beach, or, in her hate-filled phrase, "the horse-faced 'aristocratic' ladies ... with their dried-up faces and mean eyes and their mates, who look more than just a little retarded and who breathe heavily through their mouths like apes." These first-comers are, in effect, the majority of our land, the people who fought for it and built it up. Are they what Miss Caldwell is really against?

Sharon, Conn. MRS. ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

Lament for a Total Bust

Protruding proboscis, voluptuous mouth,
Eyes without irises, chin too far south,
Lips turned down in perpetual sneer
And that damned laurel wreath tickles my ear,
Hair of a texture crows use for their nests—
It goes without saying, CATO protests!
Washington, D.C. CATO
Which Cato? —ED.

In Her Fashion

On March 25, 1962, my husband and I arrived at Karachi, Pakistan, with confirmed and re-confirmed first class reservations for the Pakistan Interna-

tional Airways jet flight #707 for Beirut, Lebanon. Upon arrival, less than ten hours before that departure, we were informed that Mrs. Jackie Kennedy had commandeered the plane for herself and party, that all bookings for that flight were canceled without recourse, and that the destination of the flight had been changed by Mrs. Kennedy from Beirut to Teheran. No apology was offered the plane load of passengers who were stranded without other reservations to their destinations. We would like to know how much it costs to buy up and divert a commercial jet plane for a private purpose? Are we, American taxpayers, required to help foot the bill for an arbitrary act leading to our own expense and inconvenience?

Buckingham, Pa. MRS. CHARLES B. DARROW

Yes.

—ED.

Macbeth, Act IV, Scene III

"Did you say all? O Hellkite! All?"
Translator Carlos Lopez declares ["To the Editor," May 8] that Burnett Bolloten's book, *The Grand Camouflage*, "has passed unnoticed by all Liberal

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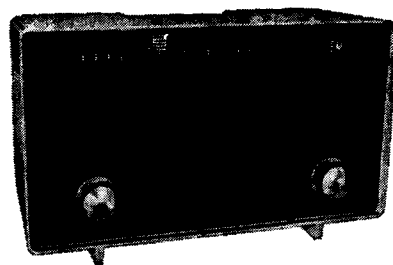
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publications in this country" (Lopez' italics). As a matter of fact, the January 29 issue of the *New Republic* (still a fairly Liberal journal) carried a long, well informed and not altogether unfavorable review of Bollo-ten's book; the piece, by Daniel Friedenberg, even rated mention on the issue's cover. There may of course be other "Liberal" reviews of the book of which I am unaware. And the *Christian Century* (also still fairly Liberal) will review the book if and when the publisher responds to our request for a review copy, sent some weeks ago (we've sent a reminder).

DEAN PEERMAN
Associate Editor
Christian Century
Chicago, Ill.

English Anti-Anti-McCarthyites

In your issue of April 24 ["The Week"] one learns that the anti-McCarthy forces in England include more or less everybody except Colm Brogan. As Mr. Brogan is a Scot of Irish descent, the English seem to be dismissed entirely from the issue—a discouraging thought for those of us who have been under the impression that we put up a stand against the wild unreason of the times comparable to your own.

London
A. K. CHESTERTON
Chairman, Policy Committee
The League of Empire Loyalists

RELIGION

(Continued from p. 407)

tion to Giorgio Del Vecchio's *General Principles of Law* (1956), "jurists are [once again] emphasizing the ideal element in the legal order . . . , in each of the juristic meanings of the term 'law,' and hence 'natural law' in the sense of an ideal system to which we seek to make the legal order, the body of authoritative precepts, and the judicial and administrative processes, conform." The only alternative to such a position, Pound adds, is the view that "law is merely organized force." The reality of something higher than positive law is thus again becoming recognized in American ethical and legal thought. Moral and legal positivism no longer has much appeal, except in some rather stagnant intellectual backwaters, among which, unfortunately, we must count certain rather well-known university campuses of this country.

(to be continued)



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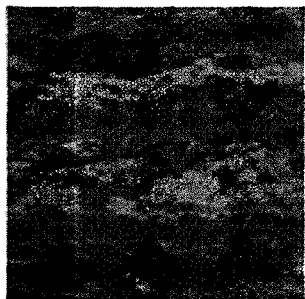
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